





177



“When you are grown, will you not become a Missionary and come to India?”

Page 306.

A

VOICE FROM THE EAST

TO THE

YOUNG,

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE CHILDREN OF THE
REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH
OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY

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OF THE MADRAS MISSION, INDIA.

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Letters to Children.

NUMBER I.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I have thought that it might be well for me to give you some account of the heathen of India, in a series of short letters. In this, my first letter, I will tell you something about their gods. Of these it is said that there are three hundred and thirty millions.* Brahm holds the first place among them; and, though he is called the Supreme Being, he is never worshipped. Generally he is fast asleep. In the place of Brahm, the Hindoos worship many of the gods just alluded to. These gods are of all colors—some black, some white, some blue, some red; gods of all sizes and shapes—some

* Most of the facts about the Hindoos, in the following letters, are taken from Ward, Dubois, and Duff.

in the shape of beasts, some in the shape of men, some partly in the shape of beasts and partly in the shape of men, having four or ten or a hundred or a thousand eyes, heads, and hands. Some ride through the air on elephants, buffaloes, lions, deer, sheep, goats, peacocks, vultures, geese, serpents, and rats. They hold in their hands all kinds of weapons, offensive and defensive—thunderbolts, javelins, spears, clubs, bows, arrows, shields, flags, and shells. They are of all employments. There are gods of the heavens above, and of the earth below; gods of wisdom and of folly; gods of war and of peace; gods of good and of evil; gods of pleasure; gods of cruelty and wrath, whose thirst must be satiated with torrents of blood. These gods fight and quarrel with one another. They lie, steal, commit adultery, murder, and other crimes. They pour out their curses when they can not succeed in their wicked plots, and invent all kinds of lying tales to hide their wickedness.

There are three principal gods, who compose what is called the Hindoo triad. Their names are Brumha, Vishnoo, and Siva. These were some how or other drawn from Brahm's

essence, on one occasion when he was awake. Brumha, they say, was the creator of the world, Vishnoo the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. Brumha has no temple erected to his worship, on account of a falsehood which it is said he told. I will tell you what it was: Once they say there was a dispute between him and Vishnoo as to who was the greatest; while thus disputing, Siva appeared between the two as a fire-post, and told them that he who would find the bottom or the top of this post first, would show that he was the greatest. Vishnoo immediately changed himself into a hog and began to root up the earth, with the hope of finding the bottom of it. Brumha changed himself into a swan, flew up to the top of it, and cried out, "I have found it!" when he had not. This you know, my dear children, was a falsehood. For this falsehood, it is said that no temple is erected for his worship. Vishnoo was a thief and a liar. He was once dwelling in the house of a dairyman, and he used constantly to be stealing butter and curdled milk from the dairyman's wife. She did not know for a long time what had become of her butter and her curdled

milk; but at last she found out that Vishnoo was the thief. To punish him for his theft, she tied him to a rice-pounder.

Siva's conduct was very bad. I will tell you but one thing about him. On one occasion he was playing at cards with his wife, Parvathe. Vishnoo was appointed to determine who was the best player. After playing for a little season, Parvathe won the game. Siva then beckoned to Vishnoo to declare that he, instead of Parvathe, had won it. This he did. In consequence of this falsehood, he was cursed by Parvathe, and changed into a snake.

And now, my dear children, why do I tell you about these gods? I tell you for the purpose of making you thankful that you were born in a Christian land, where you have the Bible to teach you better things. Had you not the Bible, you would worship just such wretched beings as these poor Hindoos worship. Perhaps you know that our Saxon fathers, before they had the Bible, worshipped Thor and Woden, and other similar idols, and they were even in the habit of offering up human sacrifices. Sometimes they would make an image sixty feet in height, and, after hav-

ing put within it forty, fifty, or sixty living beings, they would set fire to it, and burn them all up. They used also to offer up one in ten of all the prisoners they took in their wars to their gods. Surely if any thing could make you give your hearts to your Saviour, and love him above all things, it is God's gift to you of the Bible. I tell you about these gods for another reason also; and this is, that you may pray for the poor creatures who worship them—and not only pray for them, but give your money to send the Gospel to them. Perhaps, after you grow up, you will come out as missionaries to tell them of the Saviour.

N U M B E R I I .

MY DEAR CHILDREN: If you will take up your map of Hindoostan, you will see on the Coromandel coast the city of Madras, where I am. Above that is the Orissa country, where there is a very celebrated idol of one of the gods, namely, Vishnoo, of whom I gave you some account in my first letter. It is called Juggernaut, of whom I will give you some particular description hereafter. My reason for referring to Vishnoo now is to tell you about a man who was once a follower of this god, but who forsook his worship after he had learned something of the Gospel and become a Christian. I received the account of him from my friend Mr. Wilkinson, of the Orissa Mission. Several years ago, Mr. Lacey, who was also a member of that mission, was on a journey. On one occasion he made an encampment not far from a native village.

Night came on, and in the midst of the darkness he heard a passer-by singing one of the songs of the "Jewel Mine of Salvation." He hailed him, and inquired where he had learned it. He told him that he had learned it from a tract while on a pilgrimage to Juggernaut. As Mr. Lacey found him to be an interesting inquirer, he invited him to visit his station at Cuttack, which you will find on your map. This he did, and after having received suitable instruction, he resolved to forsake all and follow Christ. This resolution, through grace, he was enabled to carry into execution.

The person of whom I am now speaking was a Brahmin, or priest. After having read the tracts which he received at Juggernaut, his faith in idolatry began to be shaken. He was troubled; and in order to rid himself of his burdened mind, he determined to make another pilgrimage to that bloody city, for the purpose of testing the divinity of the idol. He came to the conclusion that if he were a god, he would answer the petition which he would make of him to this effect, namely, that he would reveal himself to him by a vision or dream, or by an audible voice. After he

reached Juggernaut, he spent the first day in singing praises to the idol, with the expectation that he would during the night receive an answer to his petition. But no answer came. The next day he spent in reviling the idol, thinking that if he could provoke him to show his anger, he would obtain a proof of his divinity in this way. But he found that the god was not to be provoked. On the third day he went to the temple for the last time, and addressed the idol as follows: "I have praised you and I have cursed you, but you have neither answered me by a blessing nor a curse. Had I been struck down with the cholera, I might have believed that you are a god; but you can do neither good nor harm;" and stepping behind him, he said to him, "Now, if you are a god, show me," and thrusting a spear he had in his hand into his back, he said, "Take that;" and after having given him a second and a third thrust without seeing any evil result, he left the temple, declaring that he would never worship him again. From that time he became a worshipper of the true God. He was ordained to the Gospel ministry many years ago, and to this

day ranks as one of the most powerful preachers of the Gospel.

Do you, my dear children, ever give any money to buy tracts and the Bible for the heathen? Then it may be that through your instrumentality souls may be converted, as the Brahmin above mentioned was converted by reading a tract, or as Raamee, of our Madras Mission, (of whom I will tell you further by and by,) was converted by reading a gospel of John. Should this be the case, how happy will you be in the day of judgment, if you see this and that individual pointing to you, and hear them saying: There stands the friend who, by contributing some of his money to buy me a tract—a gospel, has, through the Holy Spirit, been the means of my salvation, and without whose contribution I must have been lost for ever!

N U M B E R I I I .

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In my first letter I mentioned that some of the gods whom the Hindoos worship are partly in the shape of beasts, and partly in the shape of men. Pul-liar, or Gunesha, or Gunputty, is a god of this description. If you have seen my little book about the heathen, published by the American Tract Society, entitled, "Tales for Little Readers," you have seen the picture of this god. This is the god which was once worshipped by Raama, of whom I promised in my last letter to tell you some interesting particulars. After his conversion, through the means of a gospel of John, he of course would not want his idol any more; so he let me have it. I will tell you how he used to worship it, and after I have told you, I want you to ask yourselves whether you spend as much time in worshipping your Saviour as he spent in wor-

shipping his idol. He was in the habit of worshipping it every day. In the morning he would get up and bathe his own body; for he considered his idol too holy to be touched until he had washed himself. After he had bathed, he would in the first place bathe his image. In the second place, he would anoint it with oil. In the third place, he would daub it with holy ashes, which all the followers of the god Pulliar rub on their foreheads, and on their breasts, and on their arms. In the fourth place, he would perfume it with sandal-wood, to make it smell sweetly. In the fifth place, he used to put flowers around it. In the sixth place, he would put betel and arikenut before the god, to chew. The people of this country chew betel and arikenut, just as many people in America chew tobacco. But why would he put betel and arikenut before the god to chew? Could the god eat it? No. Then why did he put it before it? Just as the little girls in America, in their play, set something to eat before their dolls, so he would set those things before his god, and, as it were, play with them. In the seventh place, he would burn camphor before the idol, and repeat the holy

muntrums, or prayers, though he knew nothing more about the meaning of them than a parrot knows what it says when it repeats the words which it has been taught.

How thankful you ought to be, my dear children, that you were born in a land where you have parents to teach you prayers of which you know the meaning. When your mothers taught you that sweet little prayer—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.”

you understood it. But the poor heathen, as I before said, know nothing of the meaning of the muntrums which they are taught. Let me mention some of these muntrums :

Om kungkumapatheiya numma. Om chevaiya numma. Om chavoom chadavarnapavoiya numma. Om Iyum killeum chavoom. Chavoom killeum Iyum. Yuntade savuntadeiya numma. Intedaiya numma. Eyamadaiya numma. Vodunaiya numma. Kupaydiya numma.

On every Friday, in addition to a repeated

performance of the ceremonies which I have been now describing, Raama used to boil rice and curry, and make an offering of it to his idol. Now, as I before said, I want you, my dear children, to tell me whether you spend as much time in worshipping your Saviour as he spent in worshipping his idol.

N U M B E R I V .

MY DEAR CHILDREN : From what I have previously told you, you will not be surprised to hear that the Hindoos worship almost every prominent thing in creation. They worship the ape, the tiger, the elephant, the horse, the ox, the stag, the sheep, the hog, the dog, the cat, the rat, the peacock, the eagle, the cock, the hawk, the serpent, the lizard, the tortoise, fishes, and even insects. I will tell you for the present only of the worship of the serpent.

Of all the dangerous creatures found in India, there are none that occasion so many deaths as serpents. The people are very much exposed to their bites, especially at nights, when they are walking. They tread upon them ; and as they do not generally wear shoes, the snakes turn over their heads, and strike their fangs into those parts of the feet which are nearest to the place where the pressure is made

upon their bodies. Sometimes their bite is followed with instant death. The Cobra Capello is one of the most common snakes and one of the most poisonous. It is said that it has a thousand heads, one of which holds up the earth. It has a peculiar mark on its back, just behind the head. This mark very much resembles a pair of spectacles without handles. If you should go near it, it would raise up the fore-part of its body for about six inches, widen out its neck, so as to be about double its common width, and prepare to strike you. The reason why the Hindoos offer sacrifices and adoration to it above all the other serpents is, because it is so frequently met with, and is so much dreaded.

In order to induce the people to worship this dangerous enemy, the Hindoos have filled their books with tales concerning it. Figures of it are often to be seen in the temples and on other buildings. They seek out their holes, which are generally to be found in the hillocks of earth which are thrown up by the white ants; and when they find one, they go from time to time, and offer milk, plantains, and such other good things to it.

The Hindoos have eighteen annual festivals. One of these festivals is observed for the purpose of worshipping this serpent. Temples in many places are erected to it, of which there is one of great celebrity in Mysore. When the festival occurs at this temple, great crowds of people come together to offer sacrifices to the creeping gods in this sacred place. Many serpents, both of the Cobra Capello and other kinds, live within it, in holes made especially for them. They are kept and well fed by the Brahmins, with milk, butter, and plantains. By these means they become very numerous, and may be seen swarming from every crevice in the temple. To injure or to kill one would be considered a great crime.

Many of the natives call the Cobra Capello, *nulla paampu*—that is, good snake; they are afraid to call it a bad snake, lest it might injure them. The following is the prayer which is offered before the image of this snake: “O divine Cobra! preserve and sustain us. O Sheoh! partake of these offerings, and be gracious unto us.”

Can you think of any thing, my dear children, more dishonoring to a holy God than

such worship? And what have you ever done to prevent it? Have you every morning and evening prayed that the Gospel might be sent to this people? Did you ever give any money to send it to them? Did you ever think whether it may not be your duty by and by to come to them to tell them of this Gospel—to come to them as missionaries?

NUMBER V.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : India is full of temples, as it is of idols. One is to be found in every large village. They are also to be found in out-of-the-way places, distant from villages—in woods, on banks, and in the midst of rivers; but, above all, on mountains and steep rocks.

The practice of building temples on mountains, says the Abbe De Bois, is very ancient. The Israelites were accustomed to choose a mountain when they offered up their sacrifices to the Lord. Solomon, before the building of the Temple, chose Mount Gibeon on which to offer his burnt-offerings; and when the ten tribes separated themselves, in the reign of Jeroboam, they built their altars on the mountain of Samaria. This practice may have come from the circumstance that Noah offered to God the first sacrifice of thanks on one of

the highest mountains of Armenia. Besides the temples of the idols, there are various objects of worship made of earth and stone. Some of the idols are carved; some consist merely of the rough stone. These are to be seen on the high roads, at the entrance into villages, and, above all, under lofty trees. Some of them are covered; but generally they are exposed to the open air.

You will read in Genesis 28 : 18, that Jacob, after his dream, rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had used for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it. Whether it has happened from this circumstance or not that the heathen universally pour oil over their idols, I can not tell; all I know is that they do it. No idol can become an object of worship until a Brahmin has said his muntrums, or prayers, for the purpose of bringing down the god to live, as it is said he does, in the image, and until he has drenched it with oil and liquid butter.

The idols in the great temples are clothed with rich garments, and adorned with very costly jewels. These jewels are enriched with

precious stones, which make them very valuable. Sacrifices are constantly made to these idols, consisting of boiled rice, flowers, fruits, and so forth; but above all, of lamps, of which many thousands are sometimes seen burning in the temple. They feed them with butter, in preference to oil.

The priests of the temples offer up sacrifices twice every day, morning and evening. They begin their ceremony by washing the idol. The water which they use is brought from a river or tank. Every priest who offers up sacrifices must have several lighted lamps with a bell, which he holds in his left hand, while with his right hand he makes an offering to the idol, adorns it with flowers, rubs its forehead and various parts of its body with sandalwood and holy ashes. While all this is going on, the priest is alone in the temple, the door of which he closes. The unholy multitude remain without, silently waiting until he has done. What he does they can not know, only hearing the sound of the bell. When he has done, he comes out and distributes among the people a part of the things which have been offered to the idol. These are considered as

holy, and if rice or fruit, it is immediately eaten; if flowers, they put them in their turbans, and the girls entwine them in their hair.

Next to the priests, the most important persons in the temple are the dancing-girls. These are persons of the vilest character. They perform their religious exercises in the temple twice a day. They also assist at the public ceremonies, and dance, and sing the most abominable and filthy songs.

The next order of persons employed in the temples are players on musical instruments. Every temple of note has a band of these musicians, who, as well as the dancers, are obliged to attend in the temple twice a day. Their band generally consists of wind instruments, resembling clarionets and hautboys, to which they add cymbals and drums. They have a base produced by blowing into a kind of tube, widened below and which gives an uninterrupted sound. Part of the musicians sing hymns in honor of their gods.

The expenses of the temples are borne by the voluntary offerings of the people, consisting of money, jewels, cattle, provisions, and other articles. In order to induce them to

make such offerings, the Brahmins sometimes make use of great deception. Sometimes they will put their idols in irons, chaining their hands and feet. They exhibit them in this sad condition, declaring that they have been brought into it by creditors, from whom their gods had to borrow money in times of trouble, to supply their wants. They declare that these creditors refuse to set the gods at liberty until the money with interest is paid. The people, seeing the deplorable condition into which they have been brought, come forward and pay off the debt, which, when done, the chains are soon taken off, and the god is set at liberty.

NUMBER VI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Another way in which the Brahmins sometimes deceive the people, is as follows: They say that the god is afflicted with some dreadful disease, brought on by the distress which he has had because the people do not worship him as much as they should. In such cases, the idol is sometimes placed at the door of the temple, when they rub his forehead and temples with various kinds of medicine. They also set before him all sorts of medicines, pretending in this way, to do all they can to cure him. But as all their efforts to cure him prove to be vain, and the disease becomes worse, the Brahmins send out persons to tell the sad news. The people, believing the report, hasten to bring in their gifts and offerings. The god, on beholding such proofs of their attachment to him, feels himself cured of his disease, and immediately returns to his throne within the temple.

The Brahmins use another kind of deception in order to procure offerings for the temples. They declare that their gods are angry with certain individuals who have offended them, and that they have sent some evil spirit or devil to take possession of their bodies, and torment them. Accordingly, persons appear wandering about in different parts of the country, showing by their dreadful convulsions, their writhings and twistings, every symptom of being possessed of the devil. The people who see them are filled with dismay, and fall down before them, and offer their gifts and sacrifices, that they may not injure them. Whatever they ask, they bring. They give them to eat and drink abundantly. When they leave them, they accompany them with instruments of music till they arrive at some other place, where they practise the same deception.

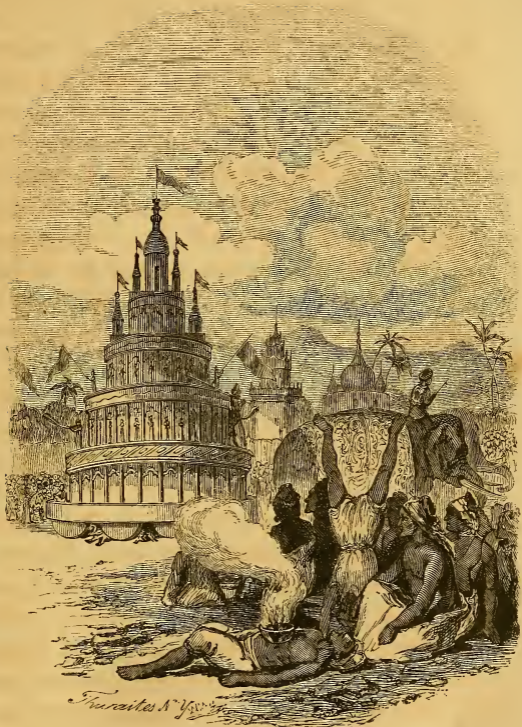
At every large temple, there is at least every year one grand procession. The idol is brought out from its inclosure, and placed on a great car or chariot, prepared for this express purpose. This stands upon four wheels of great strength, not made like ours, of spokes, with a rim, but of three or four pieces of thick, solid

timber, rounded and fitted to each other. It is sometimes forty or fifty feet high, having carved upon it images of a most abominable nature. I must not tell you any thing about them. The car, when finished, presents somewhat the shape of a pyramid. On the day of the procession it is adorned with painted cloth, garlands of flowers, green shrubbery, and precious stuffs. The idol is placed in the centre, loaded with jewels, etc., to attract the attention of the people.

Having fastened ropes to this immense car, six or seven or eight or nine hundred or a thousand people catch hold of them, and slowly drag it along, accompanied with the awful roaring of their voices. At certain periods they stop, at which the immense crowds collected from all parts of the country set up one universal shout, or rather yell. This, with the sound of their instruments and numerous drums, produces much uproar and confusion. Sometimes the weighty car comes to a stand, from the dampness of the ground, or in narrow streets, when the tumult and noise are redoubled.

One of the principal idols of the heathen of

India is named Juggernaut, the meaning of which is, "the Lord of the world." At Orissa, this idol is very celebrated. It is supposed that more than a million of people go every year to worship it. Some of these measure the whole distance of their journey with their bodies lying on the ground, as a carpenter lays his rule on a board, over and over again, until he gets the length of it. The aged and the sick undertake it as a remedy for all evils. Thousands die on their way to and from the temple. For many miles around it the roads are strewed with the bones and skulls of the poor pilgrims. Dogs, jackals, and vultures live on their bodies; especially do the pilgrims die in large numbers on their way from the temple. Their route may be traced by the bones, which lie where the jackals and vultures leave them, after eating their flesh. The country near the temple seems as if it had been visited by pestilence and famine; dead bodies are seen in every direction! When Juggernaut is placed on his car, and drawn around the temple, poor deluded pilgrims throw themselves under the wheels, and are crushed to death. Not long since, five or six persons



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CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

thus threw themselves under the wheels, and were killed. The god is said to smile when this is done.

Near the city of Juggernaut are to be seen crowds of deluded creatures, some remaining all the day with their heads on the ground and their feet in the air; some cram their eyes with mud, and their mouths with straw; others are extended in a pond of water; one has his foot tied to his neck; another has a pot of fire on his breast, or is enveloped in a network of ropes.

Thus, my dear children, you see what sufferings the poor heathen are willing to undergo with the hope of obtaining heaven; a hope which I need hardly tell you, is utterly vain. God requires no such sufferings. All which he requires of you is, that you should repent, and accept of Christ as your Saviour. And have you done these things? If not, let me entreat you to do so without delay. Death and eternity are drawing near, and remember that if you are once lost, you are lost for ever. It is my earnest desire to meet you all in heaven. Who is there among you that will refuse to meet me there?

NUMBER VII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In one of those seasons when Brahm was awake, it is said by the Hindoos that all the atoms which compose the earth, the sun, the moon, and stars, were drawn from his essence. At first, these atoms were all in disorder. For the purpose of reducing them to order, Brahm created what is called the great mundane egg. Into this egg he himself entered, under the form of Brumha, taking with him all these atoms. After remaining in this egg four thousand three hundred millions of years, to arrange these atoms, he burst its shell, and came out with a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, and a thousand arms. With him he brought out all these harmonious atoms which, when separated, produced this beautiful universe which we see above and around us.

The universe, as it came from the mundane

egg, is generally divided into fourteen worlds—seven inferior or lower worlds, and seven superior or upper worlds. The seven lower worlds are filled with all kinds of wicked and loathsome creatures. Our earth, which is the first of the upper worlds, it is said, is flat. That part of it which is inhabited consists of seven circular islands or continents, each of which is surrounded by a different ocean. The island in the centre, where we dwell, is surrounded by a sea of salt water; the second island is surrounded by a sea of sugar-cane juice; the third island is surrounded by a sea of spirituous liquors; the fourth is surrounded by a sea of clarified butter; the fifth is surrounded by a sea of sour curds; the sixth is surrounded by a sea of milk; the seventh is surrounded by a sea of sweet water.

In all the worlds above ours are mansions in which the gods reside. In the third is the heaven of India. This is the heaven to which it is said the widow goes, after she has burned herself to death on the funeral pile of her husband. Its palaces are of the purest gold; and such are the quantities of diamonds, and jasper, and sapphire, and emerald, and all

manner of precious stones there, that it shines with a brightness superior to that of twelve thousand suns. Its streets are of the clearest crystal, fringed with gold. In the seventh, or the highest of the upper worlds, is the heaven where Brumha chiefly resides. This far exceeds all the other heavens in point of beauty.

In the inferior worlds it is said that there are one hundred thousand hells. These are provided for such as have been great criminals. The Hindoos say that those who have not been very wicked can make an atonement for their sins in this world. Should they neglect to do this, they must suffer for it in another birth. They believe in what is called the transmigration of souls, or the passing of the soul after death into another body. The soul must suffer in the next birth, if not purified in this. Hence it is asserted that if a man be a stealer of gold from a Brahmin, he is doomed to have whitlows on his nails; if a drinker of spirits, black teeth; if a false detractor, fetid breath; if a stealer of grain, the defect of some limb; if a stealer of clothes, leprosy; if a horse-stealer, lameness; if a stealer of a lamp, total blindness. If he steals

grain in the husk, he will be born a rat; if yellow mixed metal, a gander; if money, a great stinging gnat; if fruit, an ape; if the property of a priest, a crocodile.

Those persons whose sins are too great to be forgiven in this world, must be sent to one of the hells to which I have alluded. Weeping, wailing, shrieking, they are dragged to the palace of *Yama*, the king of those doleful regions. On arriving there, they behold him clothed with terror, two hundred and forty miles in height, his eyes as large as a lake of water, his voice as loud as thunder, the hairs of his body as long as palm-trees, a flame of fire proceeding from his mouth, the noise of his breath like the roaring of a tempest, and in his right hand a terrific iron club. If what I have now been saying about *Yama* were true, what a frightful creature would he be, and how would you dread to fall into the hands of such a being! But frightful as the character of *Yama* would be if he had an existence, it could not be more so than that of the great adversary, the Devil, whom we know to exist, and who is emphatically named *Apollon*, or the destroyer. He is the head or

king of that awful prison of despair, where those who shall finally be lost are to weep and wail and gnash their teeth for ever; and doubtless he will be their tormentor there, as he is their destroyer here. Oh! if those who are now taken captive by him at his will, only knew what is before them, surely they would not be so ready to serve him: would they eat honey if they knew that poison was in it? May it be your lot, my dear children, never to fall into the hands of such a dreadful being.

I want to ask you a question just in this place. It is, Have you never had any fears lest this great adversary of whom I have been speaking—this great roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour—may be the means of destroying you? If you have not, I feel deeply alarmed on your account. You are mad, my dear children, if you do not entertain such fears, so long as your many sins are not forgiven. I say your many sins, for they have been many, very many. Have you never been angry, and perhaps spoken bad words in your anger? Have you not sometimes quarrelled with your bro-

thers or sisters, or others, and perhaps lifted your hands to strike them? When playing with them, have you never shown any marks of selfishness, by wishing to take possession of their playthings? and when you were not allowed to have them, did you never show your resentment by leaving them, and by your refusal any longer to be in their company? Have you never murmured when you have been punished for your faults? and when you were quite young, and when you were denied what it would have been wrong for you to have, did you not sometimes throw yourselves down on the floor, and show what a wicked temper you had by screaming and kicking? And have you never manifested a proud and peevish spirit? And have you never disobeyed your parents? Has your conduct not sometimes been like that of Ananias and Sapphira? Have you not told untruths? And has your conduct never been like that of Achan, whose history is mentioned in the seventh chapter of Joshua? Did you never stretch out your hands, and take and eat some forbidden fruit, or other things which you had been told not to touch? But I have not yet

told you of the greatest of all the sins which you have ever committed; and this is your refusal to love the Saviour. He died to save sinners; but up to this day you have said by your conduct, if not by your words, We will not come to him that we may be saved. Every act of your lives has been against him, for you never did one thing with the view to glorify him. Consequently, every act of your lives has been sin. Yes, many, many have been your sins. They have been piled up and become, as it were, great mountains; and well will it be if these mountains do not fall upon you and crush you for ever.

Perhaps, my dear children, you will say that I am speaking harshly; but I am not sensible that I am doing so. All that I wish is, to tell you plainly of the awful nature of your condition. Can I cry out, Peace, peace, when there is no peace? But I have not yet done. I have told you that you are great sinners. I must further tell you, that if you expect to escape the woes and miseries of the world to come, you must repent. Repentance is the first act which you have to perform. And what does the word repentance mean?

It means a change of mind—a turning from sin to holiness. This is effected through the agency of the Holy Spirit. It is called the new birth, a birth of holiness, to distinguish it from the old birth, a birth of sin. By nature, we love sin and hate God. When we are born again, we hate sin and love God. The change is as marked as would be the change in a fish if it were enabled to live on the shore, or as marked as would be the change in a man if he were enabled to live under water. Now, as I just said, you must have this change produced in you by the Holy Spirit, or you must be lost. But there is something else for you to do, if you would be saved. You must believe in Christ. By belief in Christ I mean a simple trust or confidence in him as the Saviour of sinners, and a reliance on his *merits* alone for your salvation. This, of course, includes in it a giving up of the world as your portion, and an unconditional and hearty surrender of yourselves and of your all to him. I wish, my dear children, to make one request of you, and this is that you will commit to memory the ninth verse of the tenth chapter of Romans. It is: “If thou

shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." But I must stop. I might go on with the account of the inferior worlds, to which I a few minutes ago directed your attention. My mind, however, has become so much impressed with the subject which has last been before us—the subject of your own salvation—that I can not think of saying any thing more in this letter.

N U M B E R V I I I .

MY DEAR CHILDREN : In my last letter, I gave you an account of those whom the Hindoos say must be sent to the regions of which Yama is king. Being summoned before him, sentence is passed, and the wretched beings are doomed to receive punishment according to the nature of their crimes. Some are made to tread on burning sands, or sharp-edged stones. Others are rolled among thorns and spikes and putrefied flesh. Others are dragged along the roughest places by cords passed through the tender parts of the body. Some are attacked by jackals, tigers, and elephants. Others are pierced with arrows, beaten with clubs, pricked with needles, seared with hot irons, and tormented by flies and wasps. Some are plunged into pans of liquid fire or boiling oil. Others are dashed from lofty trees, many hundred miles high.

The torment of these hells does not continue for ever. After criminals have been punished for a longer or shorter time, their souls return to the earth again in the bodies of men. Here they may perform such good acts as may raise them to one of the heavens of the gods; or commit crimes which may be the means of their being sent again to the abodes of misery.

Things will go on in this way until the universe comes to an end, when every thing is to disappear and to be swallowed up in Brahm.

The Hindoos say that it is now more than one hundred and fifty billions of years since the world was created. After it has continued for one hundred and fifty billions of years more, it is to come to an end. Then Brumha is to die, and to be swallowed up, with the universe, in the sole existing Brahm.

By what you have now read, you will learn that the Hindoos expect by their sufferings to make an atonement for their sins. But there is no atonement for sin except through the blood of Jesus Christ. We must come as lost sinners to our Heavenly Father, confess our

transgressions to him, and plead for his forgiveness, only through the sufferings and death which Christ endured. My dear children, have you done this? If not, do it speedily, or the regions of the lost must soon be your everlasting abode.

N U M B E R I X .

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In my last letter, I told you something about the heaven of India; this being the place where the Hindoos say that widows go after having burnt themselves to death on the funeral piles of their husbands. I must tell you more particularly about the burning of these widows. The sacred books of the Hindoos encourage this burning. They declare that if a woman will ascend the funeral pile and sacrifice her life there, not only her own sins, but the sins of her husband, though he may have been a murderer, shall be forgiven, and that they shall both go to heaven—the heaven of India. This cruel ceremony, which is called the Suttee, has been abolished in the British dominions of India, but is, I fear, practised to an awful extent in some of the native Rajah's territories. Even while you are reading these lines, perhaps some poor



HINDOO WIDOW, CARRIED IN A PALANQUIN TO THE
FUNERAL PILE.

widow is stretched on the pile with the dead body of her husband, and will be in eternity in a very few moments. I will mention a few instances of the burning of widows, that you especially, my dear little girls, may be thankful that you were not born in this dark land. The first to which I would call your attention took place in the village of Tanjore.

A merchant having died, his wife, who was about thirty years old, determined to burn herself with his corpse. The news of what she was going to do spread rapidly in every direction, and large numbers of people collected to witness the burning. After she was adorned with jewels and dressed in her best clothing, and after her body was tinged with the yellow infusion of sandal-wood and saffron, bearers arrived to bear away the corpse, with the wretched woman. The body of the man was placed on a car, ornamented with costly stuffs, flowers, etc. There he was seated like a living man, elegantly decorated with all his jewels, and clothed in rich attire.

The corpse being carried first, the wife followed in a rich palanquin. As she went along, the surrounding multitudes of people stretched

out their hands towards her, to show how much they admired her conduct. The women in particular went up to her, apparently desiring to receive her blessing, or, at least, that she would pronounce over them some pleasing word. She tried to satisfy them all, saying to one that she would long continue to enjoy her worldly happiness, and to another that she would be the mother of many beautiful children. Another was informed that she would arrive at great honor in the world. These and similar expressions she made to all who came near her, and they departed with the full belief that they would enjoy all the blessings of which she had spoken. She also distributed among them some betel leaves, which they gladly received as relics, or something of blessed influence.

During the whole procession, which was very long, her countenance was serene and even cheerful, until they came to the pile on which she was to die. Then she suddenly became pensive. She no longer attended to what was passing around her. Her looks were wildly fixed upon the pile; her face grew pale, she trembled with fear, and seemed ready to faint away.

The Brahmins who took the lead in this ceremony, with her relatives, seeing her sad condition, ran to her and endeavored to restore her spirits; but she seemed not to know what they said, and answered not a word.

They made her quit the palanquin, and her nearest relatives took her to a pond of water, which was near the pile, where they washed her. They then attended her to the pile, on which the corpse of her husband had already been laid. It was surrounded with Brahmins, each with a lighted torch in one hand and a bowl of melted butter in the other, all ready, as soon as the poor victim was placed on the pile, to envelope her in fire.

The relatives, armed with muskets, sabres, and other weapons, stood closely around in a double line, for the purpose, it was said, of making her afraid if she might wish to draw back, or of frightening any body who might pity her and endeavor to rescue her.

At length, the time for firing the pile being proclaimed, the young widow was stripped of her jewels, and led on towards the pile. She was then commanded to walk three times around it, two of her nearest relatives supporting her

by the arms. The first round she accomplished with tottering steps, but in the second her strength forsook her, and she fainted away in the arms of those who were holding her. They were obliged to drag her between them for the third round. Then, senseless, she was thrown on the corpse of her husband. At that instant the multitude made the air to ring with their shouts of gladness, while the Brahmins poured the butter on the dry wood, and applied the torches. Instantly the whole pile was in a blaze.

As soon as the flames began to rage, the poor woman, now in the midst of them, was called upon by name from all sides; but, as insensible as the corpse upon which she lay, she made no answer. She entered eternity, suffocated at once, most probably, by the flames.

NUMBER X.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : In my last letter, I gave you an account of the burning of a widow in Tanjore. If you will look on your map of Hindoostan, you will see that this place is about one hundred and fifty miles from Madras. That your minds may be more fully impressed with the misery and wretchedness of the heathen, I will transcribe a few more cases of Suttee. The Rev. Mr. Campbell, when speaking of the burning of a widow, says : "I saw her pacing her appointed circuits around the pile. I saw her ascend the bed of death, and tied to the dead body of her husband. I saw her take her jewels from her ears, her neck, and the various members of her body, and distribute them as parting memorials to her friends. I saw her son, whom she had nurtured, and whom she had nursed, take the torch into his hand, and in several places kindle the flame

that was to consume his mother. I saw the servants cut the ropes to let the canopy of fagots fall upon her head, to crush her, and to prevent her escape; and as the flames ascended, and as the pile became one mass of fire, I heard the horrid yell and shout of exultation from the surrounding multitude, to drown the shrieks of that victim in the plaudits of their joy. Oh! I thought I was standing on the borders of the infernal lake. I wondered that the earth did not open her mouth to devour the perpetrators of this horrid murder."

The next instance which I will transcribe is a very dreadful one. A young widow, fourteen years of age, soon after the death of her husband, proceeded to burn herself on the funeral pile. The pile was prepared by her relations, and set on fire by her uncle, as she had no children to put the fire to it. She soon leaped from the pile, much burned; but she was seized, taken by the hands and feet, and thrown back upon it. Again she leaped from the burning pile, and running to a well not far off, laid herself down in the water-course, bitterly weeping. A sheet was then brought, and she was desired by her uncle to place her-

self upon it. She refused, saying, that he would carry her again to the fire; and she would rather quit the family, and live by begging, if they would only have mercy upon her. At length, on her uncle's swearing by the River Ganges, (they say that the River Ganges is a goddess,) that if she would sit down on the cloth he would carry her home, she did so; but was instantly bound up in it, carried to the pile, now fiercely burning, and again thrown into the flames. The poor creature tried once more to save herself, when, at the instigation of the rest, a Mohammedan approached near enough to reach her with his sword, and cutting her through the head, she fell backward, and expired.

Not unfrequently, the sons take a prominent part in destroying their mothers. This will appear from the following case: A Brahmin died, and his body was brought to the place of burning. His wife was fastened to the pile, and the fire was kindled; but the night was dark and rainy. When the fire began to scorch the poor woman, she contrived to disentangle herself from the dead body, and, creeping from under the pile, hid herself

among some brushwood. In a little time, it was discovered that there was but one body on the pile. The relations immediately took the alarm, and searched for the poor wretch. The son soon dragged her forth, and insisted that she should throw herself on the pile again, or drown or hang herself. She plead for her life at the hands of her own son, and declared that she could not embrace so horrid a death; but she pleaded in vain. The son urged that he should lose his caste, and that, therefore, he would die, or she should. Unable to persuade her to hang or drown herself, the son and the others present then tied her hands and feet, and threw her on the funeral pile, where she quickly perished.

Instances have occurred where children of eight years old have been sacrificed on the funeral pile. Several years ago, a child of this age was burned to death near Calcutta. At the time the news arrived of the death of the child's husband, she was playing with other children at a neighbor's house. Having just before been severely chastised by her aunt, and having formerly suffered much from her, she resolved to burn herself with the dead

body, that she might avoid similar treatment in future; nor could her relations induce her to alter her resolution. As soon as she was laid upon the pile, she appeared to die—no doubt from fear—even before the fire touched her.

NUMBER XI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I must say a word or two more about the Suttee. It sometimes happens that many women are burned with a single corpse. Several years ago, it is said, no less than thirty-seven females were burned alive with the remains of a Brahmin of Bag-napara. This Brahmin had more than one hundred wives. At the first kindling of the fire only three of them were present; but the fire was kept burning three days. When one or more arrived, the ceremonies were performed, and they threw themselves on the blazing fire. On the first day three were burned; on the second, fifteen; on the third, nineteen. Among them, some were forty years old, and others as young as sixteen. Most of these wives had seldom seen him while living. From one family he had married four sisters.

Since I came to this country, the King of

Edur died. On the morning of the burning of his body, fourteen persons were taken down with it, and burned before all the assembled people of Edur. If I remember correctly, one of them was a man, probably a servant of the king.

You will be sorry to hear that a widow was not long since burned to death with the corpse of her husband, even within the bounds of the British dominions, where the most stringent laws are enacted against this ceremony. It occurred at a place near Ahmednuggur. The police attempted to interfere, but were driven back by the Brahmins, who persisted in their murderous determination till their victim, a young woman of fifteen, was totally consumed. The case was brought to trial, but how it terminated I do not know. "We hope," said the *Poonah Chronicle*, "that the punishment of the murderers will be most exemplary."

And are you not ready, my dear children, to exclaim, How wretched is the condition of these poor creatures! But what is all this wretchedness when compared with the wretchedness which they will have to endure in the

world to come? And how much greater will your wretchedness be, my dear children, should you eventually be lost! The heathen know not their Master's will; you know it, and if you do it not, you will be beaten with many stripes, while they shall be beaten with few stripes. And are you yet out of Christ? If so, oh! let me entreat you to give your heart to him immediately! Remember that death is near, and that if you put off your repentance, you may die in a state of mind in some respects more awful than that in which those poor creatures die who are burned on the funeral pile.

I shall never forget the death-bed scene of a young lady whom I attended in the capacity of a physician, before I left America. Her disease was the consumption. After my attendance upon her for a month, I perceived one morning that death was near. I told her that she must die. "Can not I live a month?" she exclaimed. "Can not I live two weeks?" After I told her that she could not, such a scene of horror followed as I never before witnessed; and may God, in his great mercy, grant that I may never witness such another.

At one time she insisted on being taken from her couch, and put upon her knees, that she might call upon God to have mercy upon her; at another she entreated the bystanders not to let her sleep, that she might spend every breath in pleading for mercy. At one time she looked up to me, as if in despair, and said: "Doctor, can not you save me?" Alas! what could I do for the poor creature? A very affecting circumstance occurred, which I must not omit to mention. She either ordered her trunk to be brought to her, and took a ring from it, or ordered the ring to be handed to her. She then called a young lady to her, and proceeded to put this ring on her finger, at the same time saying: "Do not put off your repentance, as I have done, till a dying hour!" That ring, which is set with red garnet, is now in my possession, a sad, sad memento, indeed, of days gone by. It was on Thursday morning that I told her she must die; on Saturday morning, *without hope*, I fear, she entered eternity. Would that I could carry you to her dying bed-side, and would that I could show you that mournful countenance which remained as a sad monument of the wreck

that there had been within, until she was screwed up in her coffin! Never, never shall I forget it.

Now, very dear children, you would not like to die as I fear this young lady died. Well, then, if you would die differently, you must live differently; for you must live for Christ, if you die in Christ. And are you Christ's? or are you yet gay and thoughtless—as gay and thoughtless as that young lady was until laid upon her dying-bed? If you are so, and if you continue to remain in this sad condition, your season of sorrow will certainly come, and it may come when you expect it not. As the little insect which flies around and around your candle is dazzled with its brightness, and feels nothing but pleasure until it unconsciously strikes the blaze with its little wings, and is swallowed up in the flame, so you are dazzled with the pleasures of the world, thinking nothing of the flames which may swallow you up in a moment, and put a stop to all your joys for ever. Oh! that the death-bed scenes of Miss Matthews might have their becoming effect upon you! Oh! that the solemn warning which she gave to

her young friend, not to put off repentance as she had done until a dying hour, might continue to sound in your ears, until you would no longer delay your repentance!

My dear children, this young lady, though dead, yet speaketh. She speaks to you. She calls upon you from the tomb, from the eternal world, to delay your repentance no longer. Will you, then, be so mad as to turn a deaf ear to this call? Will you ever take another sip from the cup of unhallowed pleasure? Will you ever direct your little feet to the ball-room or other places of sinful amusement? Will you hereafter prefer your worldly joys to Christ? Oh! you must not, you must not! It will not do for you to be lost! Who, oh! who can lie down in everlasting burnings? Who can dwell for ever with devouring flames? Can you, my dear children? No, no; you can not—you can not; and yet you *must*, unless you will give up the vain pleasures of the world, and give yourselves to Christ.

NUMBER XII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: There are some gods which are worshipped only by the lower classes of people. The five-faced god is one of this kind. He has three eyes in each face. Some persons make a clay image of this god and worship it. Others worship him before a stone placed under particular kinds of trees. This stone is painted red at the top, and is anointed with oil. Offerings of flowers, fruits, sweetmeats, fried peas, and so forth, accompany the worship. In some of the villages, several of these shapeless stones are to be seen thus anointed, and consecrated to this god. The women are much terrified at this god, and are very much afraid lest their children should in their play injure his image. They tell them that death will be the consequence, if they touch it.

When children are seized with the disease

called epilepsy, it is supposed that this god seizes them, and throws them into a state of frenzy, until they foam at the mouth. The mother asks the supposed evil spirit his name, who answers through the child: "I am the five-faced god. Your child has cast dust on my image, kicked me, and is the ring-leader of all the children of the village in this wickedness. I will certainly take away his life." One of the priestesses of this god—who are all old women—is now called, who comforts the weeping family, and thus addresses the god: "O five-faced god! I pray thee, restore this child. These are thy worshippers. The offender is but a child. If thou wilt restore the child, the parents will sacrifice a goat to thee, and present to thee many offerings." If this should fail to render him propitious, they take the child before the image, causing it to beat its head upon the ground. They also try to gain their point by flattering him. If the child recovers, believing that the five-faced god has cured him, they make their offerings to him.

There is another form of Siva worshipped by the lower classes of people. A black stone

of any shape is used to represent this god. Those who worship him, paint the part designed as the forehead, and place it under a tree. Others place the stone in the house, and give it silver eyes, anoint it with oil, and worship it. The ceremonies connected with his worship are like those which are used at the festival of the hook-swinging, with the addition of blood-sacrifices. The animals sacrificed are usually goats. On such occasions, devotees pass cords through their sides, pierce their tongues with irons, walk on the fire, and throw themselves on spikes.

“At two villages,” says Mr. Ward, “Poo-sooree and Rayukalee, the worship of this god is attended by crowds of people from a distance. If a woman’s eldest child dies, she makes a vow, before witnesses, that she will not cut her hair for two years; at the same time declaring that, after this time, she will go to one of these villages, cut off her hair and present an offering to the god, provided he will preserve her second child. In order to obtain a blessing, women sometimes put on wet clothes, place an earthen pot full of burning coals upon a cloth on their heads, and,

taking a child up in their arms, go and sit in a supplicating posture before him. At the same time incense is offered up. India pitch is thrown into the pan of coals.”

There are other forms of this god, worshipped much in the same manner; but of which I need not make mention.

The goddess Sheetula is worshipped by the Hindoo females when their families are afflicted with the itch; and the god Ghetoo—a black boiling pot—is worshipped to remove the scurvy, or any kind of blotches on the skin.

NUMBER XIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : The Hindoos, says Mr. Ward, worship the "Host of Heaven." The planets, the constellations, the signs of the zodiac, and the stars in general, are all considered as gods, and worshipped as such. The constellations are worshipped separately, at the birth of children, as well as at the anniversaries of their birth, till the time of death.

Those Hindoos, whose births have taken place under a supposed evil planet, are often filled with melancholy. Some abandon themselves to despair, careless as to what may happen to them.

At the great festivals a small offering is presented to all the planets at once. On other occasions they are never worshipped together. They are frequently worshipped separately by the sick and unfortunate, who suppose themselves to be under the baneful influence of

some one of them. At these times the nine planets are worshipped one after the other in regular succession.

The sun is worshipped as one of the planets. If a person is born *under* him, he will possess an anxious mind, be subject to disease and other sufferings, be an exile, and endure much sorrow from the loss of his wife, children, and property.

The image of the moon is that of a white man drawn by ten horses, or sitting on the water-lily. With his right hand he is giving a blessing; in the other he holds a club. All the Hindoo ceremonies are regulated by the rising or setting, the waxing or the waning of the moon. If a person be born under it, he will have many friends, will possess elephants, horses, and palanquins, will be honorable and powerful, will have excellent food, etc.

The god Mars is painted red. He rides on a sheep, wears a red necklace, and garments of the same color. He has four arms. If a person be born under him, he will be full of anxious thoughts, be wounded and imprisoned, be oppressed with fear from robbers and fire, and will lose his lands, trees, and good name.

The god Mercury has four arms. He rides on a lion, and has a placid countenance. He wears yellow garments. If a person be born under this planet, he will be very fortunate; and, among other things, obtain an excellent wife.

The image of Jupiter is painted yellow. He sits on a water-lily. He has four arms. In one he holds a bead-roll, in another an alms-dish, in another a club, and with the fourth he is bestowing a blessing. If a person be born under this planet, he will be endowed with an amiable disposition, possess palaces, gardens, lands, and be rich in money. All his wishes will be gratified.

The god Venus is dressed in white, and sits on a water-lily. If a person be born under this planet, he will have the faculty of knowing things past, present, and future. He will have many wives, have a kingly umbrella, and kings will worship him.

The god Saturn is dressed in black. He rides on a vulture, and has four arms. All the Hindoos dread the supposed bad influence of this god, and perform a number of ceremonies to appease him. Many stories are told

of him, such as that of burning off the god Pulliar's head; his being the cause of bad harvests, etc. If a person be born under this planet, he will be slandered, his riches will be dissipated, his son, wife, and friends destroyed. He will also live at variance with others, and endure much suffering. At the time of the appearance of this planet, some of the Hindoos, if absent from home, will return through fear of him; others forsake their business lest they should meet with misfortunes.

But I have told you enough, my dear children—enough, perhaps, to make you exclaim, How foolish is the idea that a person can be born *under* a planet, and that his destinies are shaped by such a birth! But you must remember that it is only in consequence of the advantages which you enjoy, that you are enabled to view this belief in its proper light. All is darkness where the religion of the blessed Jesus does not shine. Oh! if there is a heart within you, that heart ought to beat with gratitude to your Heavenly Father, on account of his distinguished mercies, both of a temporal and spiritual nature, towards you: above all should it beat with gratitude when you re-

member that he gave his only-begotten Son to die for you; to die that you might escape that awful place of torment, where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched.

Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

NUMBER XIV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I have yet many things to tell you about the worship of the Hindoos; but as I have dwelt so much on this subject already, I will turn away from it for *a little while*. In this letter I will give you a description of some of their domestic customs. These are very different from ours. The men and women never eat together. The husband first eats, then the wife. The wife waits upon the husband. After she has cooked the rice, she brings a brass plate, if they possess one; or, if not, a piece of plantain-leaf, and puts it down on a mat before him. She then bails out the rice, places it upon the leaf, and afterwards pours the curry over it. This being done, the husband proceeds to mix up the curry and rice with his hands and puts it into his mouth. He never uses a knife and fork, as is customary with us. The curry of which

I have spoken is a sauce of a yellow color, owing to the *munchel*, or yellow root, which they put in it. This and onions, kottamaly-seeds, mustard, serakum, pepper, etc., constitute the ingredients of the curry. Many add to this, ghee and cocoa-nut milk. By the cocoa-nut milk, I do not mean the water of the cocoa-nut. This, except in the very young cocoa-nut, (when it is a most delicious beverage,) is never used. The milk is squeezed from the *meat* of the cocoa-nut, after it has reduced to a pulp, by means of an indented circular iron, which they use for this purpose.

After the husband has eaten, the wife brings water for him to wash his hands. This being done, she supplies him with vettalay, paakkee, shell-lime, and tobacco, which he puts into his mouth as his dessert. The vettalay is a very spicy leaf. Why they use paakkee, I do not know. It is a nut which they cut into small pieces, but it has not much taste. Sometimes the wife brings her husband a segar. This people, I am sorry to say, are great smokers and chewers—practices which you, my dear children, should avoid. In Ceylon, it is customary for females to smoke. Frequently,

after the husband has smoked awhile, he hands the segar to his wife. She then puts it into her mouth and smokes.

Several years ago, one of the school-masters in that island became a Christian. After he had partaken of the Lord's Supper, his wife considered him so defiled that she would not put his segar into her mouth for a month afterwards. She, however, has since become a Christian.

I spoke just now of the plantain-leaf. This leaf is sometimes six feet long, and in some places a foot and a half wide. It is an unbroken leaf, with a large stem running through the middle of it. It is the handsomest leaf I ever saw. Pieces enough can be torn from a single leaf to take the place of a dozen plates. When quite young, it is an excellent application to surfaces which have been blistered.

When this people eat, they do not use tables and chairs. They sit down on mats, and double their legs under them, after the manner of our friends, the tailors, in America, when they sew. This is the way in which the natives sit in many churches. Carpenters and other tradesmen sit down, either on a

board, or on the ground, or on their legs, when they work. It would divert you much to see their manœuvring. If a carpenter, for instance, wants to make a little peg, he will take a small piece of board and place it in an erect position between his feet, the soles of which are turned inward, so as to press upon the board. He then takes his chisel in one hand and his mallet in the other, and cuts off a small piece. Afterwards he holds the piece in one hand, and, while he shapes it with his chisel with the other, he steadies it by pressing it against his great toe.

The blacksmiths, with the exception of those who use the sledge-hammer, sit as do the carpenters, while they hammer the iron. I wish you could see them at work, with their simple apparatus. They have small anvils, which they place in a hole made in a log of wood, which is buried in the ground. They do not use such bellows as you see in America. Theirs consist of two leather bags, about a foot wide and a foot and a half long, each having a nozzle at one end. The other end is left open to admit the air. When they wish to blow the fire, they extend these bags

to admit the air. Then they close them by means of the thumb on one side and the fingers on the other, and press them down towards the nozzle of the bellows, which forces the air through them into the fire. I should have said before, that the nozzle of the bellows passes through a small semi-circular mound of dried mud.

I mentioned that the natives do not use tables and chairs in their houses. Neither do they, as a general thing, use bedsteads. They have no beds. They sleep on mats, which they spread down on the floor. Sometimes they use a cotton bolster under their heads. More generally, their pillows are hard boards, which they put under the mat. In addition to cooking, the females have to prepare the rice for this purpose, by taking it out of the husk. This they do by beating it in a mortar about two feet high. The pestle with which they pound it is about five feet long, made of wood, with an iron rim around the lower part of it. Three women can work at one of these mortars at the same time; of course they have to be very skillful in the use of the pestle, so as not to interfere with each other's operations.

Sometimes while thus engaged, the children, who are at play near their mothers, put their hands on the edge of the mortars. In such cases when the pestle happens to strike the edge, their fingers are taken off in a moment.

NUMBER X V.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : If you will take a piece of mahogany in your hand, and view its different shades, you will have a pretty good representation of the color of a large class of this people. I say of a large class ; for there is a great variety of colors. Some appear to be almost of a bronze color ; some are quite black. It is difficult to account for the different colors which we often see in the same family. For instance, one child will be of the reddish hue to which I just referred ; another will be quite dark. When I was in Ceylon, two sisters of this description joined my church. One was called Sevappe, or the red one ; the other was called Karappe, or the black one.

The people resemble the English and Americans in their features. Many of them are very beautiful. This remark will apply par-

ticularly to children, and more especially to the children of Brahmins and others who are delicately brought up. But, however beautiful any of this people may be, they try to make themselves appear more so by the ornaments which they wear. These ornaments are made of gold, silver, brass, precious stones, or glass. All are fond of ear-rings. Sometimes four or five are worn in each ear, consisting of solid gold; the lower one being the largest, and the upper one the smallest. Some men wear a gold ornament attached to the middle of the ear, in which a precious stone is inserted. Sometimes they wear large circular ear-rings ornamented with precious stones. The females, in addition to ear-rings, have an ornament which passes through the rim of the ear, near the head, half of it being seen above the rim, and half of it below it. An ornamental chain is sometimes attached to this, which goes some distance back, where it is lost in the hair. They also wear a jewel sometimes in the middle of the rim of the ear, and another on that little forward point which strikes your finger when you attempt to put it into the ear. Nose-jewels also are worn.

Sometimes three are worn at the same time. Holes are made through each side of the lower part of the nose, and through the cartilage, or that substance which divides the nostrils, through which they are suspended. The higher and wealthier females wear a profusion of ornaments of gold and pearls around the neck.

A very pretty ornament, about three inches in diameter, having the appearance of gold, is also frequently worn by them on that part of the head where the females of America put up their hair in a knot. In addition to this, the little girls sometimes wear one or two similar but smaller ornaments below this, as well as an ornament at the end of the long braid of hair which hangs down over the middle of their backs. They also wear an ornament extending from the crown of the head to the forehead, just in that spot where the little girls to whom I am in part writing, part their hair. Attached to this, I have seen a circular piece of gold filled with rubies. Rings are worn on the toes as well as on the fingers, and bracelets of gold or silver on the wrists. Anklets similar to bracelets, and tink-

ling ornaments, are worn on the ankles. The poor, who can not afford to wear gold or silver bracelets, have them made of glass, stained with different colors. I have seen nearly a dozen on each wrist.

The little boys wear gold or silver bracelets, also gold or silver anklets. I just alluded to finger-rings: I have seen a dozen on the same hand.

The Mohammedan little girls have their ears bored from the top to the bottom. A ring is inserted in each of the openings. I some time ago saw a little girl in whose ears I counted twenty-four rings.

Flowers, in great profusion, are sometimes used to add to the adornment of the jewels.

When I was residing for a time in Madura, a little patient of mine came to me, loaded with jewels. The following description of her appearance is given by my daughter: "On the 17th, a little dancing-girl came to see us. She was adorned with many jewels, some of which were very beautiful. The jewel in the top of the ear was a circle nearly the size of a dollar. It was set with rubies. Nine pearls were suspended from it. In the middle of the ear was

a jewel of a diamond shape, set with rubies and pearls. The lowest jewel in the ear was shaped like a bell. It was set with rubies, and from it hung a row of pearls. Close by the ear, suspended from the hair, was a jewel which reached below her ear. It consisted of six bells of gold, one above the other. Around each was a small row of pearls, which reached nearly to the bell below; thus forming a jewel resembling very many drops of pearls. It is the most beautiful jewel that I ever saw. In the right side of her nose was a white stone set with gold, in the shape of a star; from it hung a large pearl. There was a hole bored in the partition between the nostrils. This hole had a jewel in it about an inch in length, in the middle of which was a white stone, with a ruby on each side. It also had a ruby on the top. From the white stone hung another, of a similar color, attached to it by a piece of gold. In the left side of the nose was a jewel about an inch in diameter. It was somewhat in the shape of a half-moon, and was set with rubies, pearls, emeralds, etc. This jewel hung below her mouth. On the back of her head was a large, round gold piece, three inches in

diameter. Another piece, about two inches in diameter, hung below this. Her hair was braided in one braid, and hung down her neck. At the bottom of this were three large tassels of silk, mounted with gold. Her eyebrows and eye-lashes were painted with black. Her neck was covered with jewels of such beauty, and of such a variety, that it is impossible for me to describe them. Around her ankles were large rings which looked like braided silver. To these were attached very many little bells, which rung as she walked. I believe that all dancing-girls wear these rings. We felt very sad when we thought that she was dedicated to a life of infamy and shame."

NUMBER XVI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: There is an ornament worn by the followers of the god Siva, on their arms, or necks, or in their hair. It is called the *lingum*. The nature of this is so utterly abominable, that I must not tell you a word about it.

Married women wear an ornament peculiar to themselves. It is called the *tahly*. It is a piece of gold on which is engraven the image of some one of their gods. This is fastened round the neck by a short yellow string, containing one hundred and eight threads of great fineness. Various ceremonies are performed before it is applied, and the gods, with their wives, are called upon to give their blessing. When these ceremonies are finished the *tahly* is brought on a waiter, ornamented with sweet-smelling flowers, and is tied by the bridegroom to the neck of the bride. This

ornament is never taken off unless her husband dies. In such a case she is deprived of it to wear it no more for ever—deprived of it, after various ceremonies, by her nearest female relative, who cuts the thread by which it is suspended, and removes it. After this a barber is called, who shaves her head, and she becomes in the eyes of the people a *despised* widow—no more to wear any ornament about her neck but a plain one—no more to stain her face with yellow water, nor to wear on her forehead those marks which are considered by the natives as among their chief ornaments.

The great disgrace to which females who lose their husbands are subjected, is, perhaps, the grand reason, at least in many cases, why they wish to be burnt to death on the funeral pile, or otherwise destroyed. Let me mention an instance of this kind: “Not long since a woman starved herself to death, because she was prevented from being burnt with the corpse of her husband. She was about twenty-five years of age, the wife of a Brahmin; but as she resided in one of the allied States, where the Rajah had been persuaded to carry out the views of the British government respecting

the Suttee, she was frustrated in her wishes. As soon as it was rumored abroad that she intended to be burnt, an officer was dispatched to forbid it, and, if necessary, to put the woman in confinement till she repented of her rash design. Thus restrained, she allowed her husband's remains to be consumed without her, and appeared quietly to submit to the necessity of living; so quietly, that it was supposed all danger of a fatal result was over, and she was allowed to remain at large. But she had entertained the purpose of self-murder too long, again to be reconciled to life. Accordingly, after having witnessed her husband's remains reduced to ashes, she returned to her dwelling with the confirmed determination to starve herself to death; and so firmly did she adhere to her resolution, that for the next three days, with the exception of an occasional fragment of sweetmeats, she entirely abstained from food. After thus starving herself, she went to an open space on the side of the city tank, danced there frantically for several hours, and then returning home, almost immediately expired. Her friends no sooner saw her dead, than they resolved to erect a small temple to

her memory, and worship her as a goddess. Unexpected difficulties arose to prevent the execution of their design. They had selected a site and commenced operations, when they were prevented by the native government from proceeding further, on the plea that the land belonged to the king, and ought not to have been appropriated without his permission." Now, perhaps, you would ask, had I not previously said what I did, What could have nerved this woman thus to encounter death in so terrible a form? Her friends say that the principle which inspired her was not an extravagant affection for her husband, neither was it the hope of ranking high in another state of being. To these considerations she did not once advert, but the constant burden of her lamentation was the state of poverty and wretchedness to which she would be reduced. She well knew the degradation which is purposely heaped upon the Brahmin widow. What a wretched system is Hindooism, which, tyrannizing over the weaker sex, first reduces the widow to wretchedness, and then suggests a violent death as the appropriate mode of escape!

NUMBER XVII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In my two last letters, I have told you something of the jewels and other ornaments worn by this people. I hope that you will never be disposed to imitate them, and load your bodies with such useless things. They are not only useless, but they tend to encourage pride and vanity. All that you need is the "Pearl of great price," even Jesus. Adorn yourself with this Pearl, and you will be beautiful indeed—beautiful even in the sight of your heavenly Father. Have you this Pearl of great price, my dear children? Tell me. Have you this Pearl of great price? If you have not, what have you? Nothing. And if you die in your present condition, nothing is before you but the blackness of darkness for ever—nothing but a worse hell than that which is before such of the poor heathen who have never heard, as you have

heard and continue to hear, of a Saviour. "And that servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes; but he that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." Awful indeed is it to go down to perdition, from a heathen land; but how unspeakably more awful is it to go down to perdition from a Christian land! Oh! that you, my dear children, who have not yet given your hearts to Christ would think of these things. Oh! that you would lay to heart the things which belong to your peace, before they shall for ever be hidden from your eyes. Who can lie down in everlasting burnings? Who can dwell for ever with devouring flames?

In my last letter, I alluded to some marks which the natives of this country consider to be among their chief ornaments. These are different among different sects. The followers of Siva rub ashes on their foreheads. They also apply these ashes in streaks, generally three together, on their breasts, and on their arms. Some besmear their whole bodies with them.

The followers of Vishnoo wear a very different ornament from that just described. It consists of a perpendicular line drawn on the forehead, of a red or yellow color, and a white line on each side of it, which unite at the bottom with the middle line and form a trident.

Another ornament consists of a small circle, which is called pottee. This is stamped in the middle of the forehead. Sometimes it is red, sometimes yellow or black. Large numbers of women, in this part of the country, wash their faces with a yellow water, made so by dissolving in it a paste made of a yellow root and common shell-lime. The Brahmins, frequently, instead of rubbing ashes, draw a horizontal line over the middle of their foreheads, to show that they have bathed and that they are pure. Sometimes the people ornament themselves with a paste made of sandalwood. They rub themselves from head to foot with it. This has a very odoriferous smell.

When the people are loaded with jewels and covered with the marks which I have just described, they think themselves to be highly ornamented. But, after all, "they are like

unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness." The Pearl of great price—to which I have already alluded, the only Pearl which is of any value in the sight of Him who looketh at the heart and not at the outward appearance—they possess not. Millions in this Eastern world have never even heard of it. Oh! how incessantly ought you to pray that they may come into possession of it. How gladly should you give your money to send it to them. I wish in this place to ask you one question: Who of you expect by and by to become missionaries to this land, to tell this people of the Pearl of great price?

NUMBER XVIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: The dress of the Hindoos is very simple. A single piece of uncut cloth, three or four yards in length and one in width, wrapped around the loins, with a shawl thrown over the shoulders, constitutes the usual apparel of the people of respectability. These garments are often fringed with gold, or otherwise ornamented. The native ladies, frequently, almost encase themselves in cloth or silk. Under such circumstances, their cloths are perhaps twenty yards in length. Most of the native gentlemen now wear turbans; an ornament which they have borrowed from the Mohammedans. This consists of a long piece of very fine stuff, sometimes twenty yards in length. With this they encircle their heads, of course with many folds. Those who are employed by Europeans, and by the great men among the Mohammedans, wear a long robe of muslin, a

very fine cloth. This is also in imitation of the Mohammedans, and was formerly unknown in this country.

The houses of the Hindoos are generally very plainly built. You, perhaps, have seen the low buildings in which ropes are made. Imagine to yourselves a rope-walk of one hundred feet long, divided into four equal parts, and cut at the ends in such a manner that, when put together, they will form an unbroken square, and you will have some idea of the appearance of the best of native houses. Consequently there is a great open space in the middle which admits the light from above, and of course all the rain which falls on the inner roof descends within the house, into the middle court. This is let off by sluices which run under the building. A mud floor under the inner slopings of the house, about a foot high, preserves the people from the effects of the rain. It is on this floor that they sleep. In the country, the houses are usually thatched with straw. In the cities they are covered with tiles. The kitchen is situated in the most retired part of the house. In the houses of the Brahmins, the kitchen-door is always

barred to prevent strangers from looking upon their earthen vessels; for if they should happen to see them, their look would pollute them to such a degree that they must be broken to pieces. The hearth is generally placed on the south-west side, which is said to be the side of the *god of fire*, because they say this god dwells there.

The Hindoos have many ways of salutation. In some places they raise the right hand to the heart, in others, they simply stretch it out towards the person who is passing, if they know him, for they never salute persons with whom they are not acquainted. In many places there is no show of salutation. When they meet their acquaintances, they content themselves by saying a friendly word or two in passing, and then pursue their way. They have borrowed the word *salam* from the Mohammedans. They salute both Mohammedans and Europeans with this word, at the same time raising their hand to the forehead. When they address persons of high rank, they give them their *salam* thrice, touching the ground as often with both hands, and then lifting them up to their foreheads.

The other castes salute the Brahmins by joining the hands and elevating them to the forehead, or sometimes over the head. It is accompanied with *andamayya*, which means, blessing, Hail, respected lord. The Brahmins stretch out their hands and say *aaseervaathum*, benediction.

Another very respectful kind of salutation consists in lowering both hands to the feet of the person to be honored, or even falling down and embracing them.

Of all the forms of salutation, the most respectful is the *shaashtaangkum*, or prostration, in which the feet, the knees, the stomach, the head, and the arms all touch the ground. In doing this, they throw themselves at their whole length on the ground, and stretch out both arms above their head. This is practised before priests, and in the presence of an assembly, when they appear before it to ask pardon for a crime.

Relations who have long been separated, testify their joy when they meet by chucking each other under the chin, and shedding tears. I am not aware that grown persons ever kiss each other. Sometimes mothers or other indi-

viduals will put their noses to the cheeks of little children, and draw the air through them, just as we do when we smell any thing which is agreeable. At other times they will apply the thumb and first finger to the cheek of the child, and then apply them to their own noses, and, as it were, smell them.

The women, as a mark of respect, turn their backs, or at least turn their faces aside when they are in the presence of those whom they highly esteem. They are never permitted to sit in the presence of men. A married woman can not do this, even in the presence of her husband.

If a person meets another of high rank, he must leave the path if on foot, or alight if on horseback, and remain standing until he has passed. He must, at the same time, take off his slippers. He must also take off his slippers when he enters a house. Should he fail to do this, it would be considered a great impropriety.

In addressing a person of note, they must keep at a certain distance from him, and cover their mouths with their hands while they are speaking, lest their breath, or a particle of moisture, should escape to trouble him.

When the Hindoos visit a person of distinction for the first time, civility requires them to take some present as a mark of respect, or to show that they come with a friendly intention; especially if they wish to ask some favor in return. When they have not the means of making large presents, they carry with them sugar, plantains, milk, and other things of this kind.

In cases of mourning, visits must always be made, though at a distance of a hundred miles. Letters of condolence would by no means be received as a substitute.

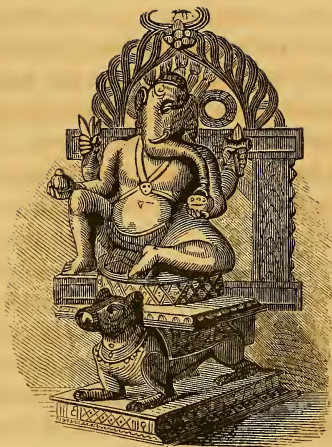
NUMBER XIX.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Marriage to the Hindoes is the greatest event of their lives. In the celebration of it many ceremonies are performed. If the father of the young girl is a Brahmin, and if he is rich and liberal, he will frequently bear all the expenses of the marriage of his daughter. To give a daughter in marriage, and to sell her, are about the same thing. Almost every parent makes his daughter an article of traffic, refusing to give her up until the sum of money for which he consented to let her go is paid. Men of distinction generally lay out this money for jewels, which they present to their daughters on their wedding-day. You will infer, from what I have now said, that the parties to be married have nothing to do in the choice of each other.

The marriage-ceremony lasts five days. The bride and bridegroom are first placed under a

puntel, a kind of bower covered with leaves, in front of the house. This is superbly adorned. The married women then come forward, and perform the ceremony called *arati*, which is as follows: Upon a plate of copper they place a lamp made of a paste from rice-flour. It is supplied with oil, and lighted. They then take hold of the plate with both hands, and raise it as high as the heads of the couple to be married, and describe a number of circles with the plate and lamp. This is to prevent the evil of any jealous looks which certain persons might make. The Hindoos believe that great evils arise from wicked looks. They consider that even the gods themselves are not out of the reach of malicious eyes; and, therefore, after they have been carried through the streets, the ceremony of *arati* is always performed, to efface the evil which they may have suffered from these looks.

It ought to have been mentioned, that, before any thing is done, they place an image of Pulliar, the elephant-faced god, under the puntel. This god is much honored, because he is much feared. And although the great



HINDOO GOD PULLIAR.

ugliness of his appearance has hitherto kept him without a wife, they never fail to pay him the greatest attention, lest he should in some way or other injure them.

After arati and many other ceremonies are performed, the kankanan, which is merely a bit of saffron, is tied to the right wrist of the young man, and to the left wrist of the girl. This is done with great solemnity. Another remarkable ceremony succeeds this. The young man being seated with his face towards the east, his future father-in-law supposes that he beholds in him the great Vishnoo. With this impression he offers him a sacrifice, and then making him put both of his feet in a new dish filled with cow-dung, he first washes them with water, then with milk, then again with water, accompanying the whole with suitable muntrums or prayers.

After many ceremonies, he takes the hand of his daughter, and puts it into that of his son-in-law. He then pours water over them, in honor of Vishnoo. This is the most solemn of all the ceremonies, being the token of his resigning his daughter to the authority of the young man. She must be accompanied with

three gifts, namely, one or more cows, some property in land, and a *salagrama*, which consists of some little amulet stones in high esteem among the Brahmins. This ceremony being finished, the *tahly* is brought to be fastened to the neck of the bride. This, as I before said, is presented on a salver decked and garnished with flowers. Incense is offered to it, and it is presented to the assistants, each of whom touches it, and invokes blessings on it. The bride then turning towards the east, the bridegroom takes the *tahly*, repeats a *mun-trum* or prayer aloud, and ties it around her neck.

Fire is then brought in, upon which the bridegroom offers up the sacrifice of *homam*, which consists in throwing boiled rice, with melted butter, upon the fire. He then takes his bride by the hand, and they walk three times around it, while the incense is blazing.

There is another ceremony which is considered by some to be of much importance. Two baskets of bamboo are placed closely together, one for the bride and the other for the bridegroom. They step in them, and two other baskets being brought, filled with ground

rice, the husband takes up one with both hands, and pours the contents over the head of the bride. She does the same to him. In the marriage of great princes, pearls are sometimes used instead of rice.

On the evening of the third day, when the constellations appear, the astrologer points out to the married pair a very small star close to the middle or in the tail of *Ursa Major*, which he directs them to worship, and which he says is the wife of Vasestha.

While the assembled guests are dining, the bridegroom and the bride also partake. This is a token of the closest union. This is the only instance in which they ever eat together.

After all the ceremonies are finished, a procession is made through the streets of the village. It commonly takes place in the night, by torch-light, accompanied with fire-works. The newly-married pair are seated in one palanquin, with their faces towards each other, both richly dressed. The bride, in particular, is often covered with jewels and precious stones.

I once witnessed one of these marriage processions in the streets of Madras, at night, but

can give you but little idea of its magnificence. The lamps used on the occasion could not be numbered. The shrubbery, which was drawn on carts or other vehicles, appeared exceedingly beautiful, in consequence of the light reflected by the lamps. Intermingled with the shrubbery were to be seen little girls, elegantly dressed, and adorned with flowers on their heads. Many elephants, with their trappings of gold and silver and red, formed a part of the procession. Fire-works were also added to make the scene more brilliant.

NUMBER XX.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : The death of a Hindoo is followed by many foolish ceremonies. I will give you a description of these, connected with the death of a Brahmin.

When it is evident that a Brahmin has but a little time to live, a space is prepared with earth, well spread with cow-dung, over which a cloth which has never been worn is spread. The dying man is placed on this at full length. Another cloth is wrapped around his loins. This being done, the ceremony of expiating his sins is performed as follows : The chief of the funeral brings on one plate some small pieces of silver or copper coin, and on another the *punchakaryam*, etc. The word *punchakaryam* literally means the *five things*. These all come from the cow, and must be mixed together. The first three of these I will mention — namely, the milk, butter, and curds.

The other two, for the sake of delicacy, I must not mention. A little of this punchakaryam is put into his mouth, and by means of this nauseous draught the body is perfectly purified. Besides this, there is a general cleansing, which is accomplished by making the dying man recite within himself, if he can not speak, the proper muntrums, by which he is delivered from all his sins. After this, a cow is introduced, with her calf. Her horns are decorated with rings of gold or brass, and her neck with garlands of flowers. A pure cloth is laid over her body. Thus decked, she is led up to the sick man, who takes hold of her tail. Prayers are now offered up, that the cow may conduct him, by a blessed path, to the next world. He then makes a gift of a cow to a Brahmin. This is considered indispensable to enable the soul to go over the river of fire, which, it is said, all must pass after death. Those who have made this gift are met by one of these favored creatures the moment they arrive at the bank of the stream, and by her help they are enabled to pass without injury from the flames

As soon as the breath has left the body, all

who are present must weep and join in lamentations together.

After various ceremonies, the body is washed, and a barber is called to shave his head. He is then clad with his finest clothes, and adorned with jewels. He is rubbed with sandal-wood when the body is uncovered, and the accustomed mark is put upon his forehead. Thus dressed, he is placed on a kind of state-bed, where he remains until he is carried to the pile.

After every preparation is made to bear away the corpse, it is stripped of its jewels, etc., and placed on a litter. Those who die in a state of marriage have their faces left uncovered. The litter, adorned with flowers and foliage, and sometimes decked with valuable stuffs, is borne by four Brahmins. The procession is as follows: The chief of the funeral marches foremost, carrying fire in a vessel. The body follows, attended by the relations and friends, without their turbans. The women never attend the funeral, but remain in the house, where they set up a hideous cry when the corpse is taken out. While advancing on the road, it is customary to stop three times

on the way, and at each pause to put into the mouth of the dead a morsel of unboiled rice, moistened. The object for stopping is considered to be very important; for they say that persons supposed to be dead have been alive, or even when lifeless have been restored; and sometimes, also, it has happened that the gods of the infernal regions have mistaken their aim, and seized one person instead of another. In any view, it is right to afford the opportunity for correcting these mistakes, so as not to expose to the flames a person who is yet alive.

Having arrived at the place of burning the dead, they dig a trench about six or seven feet in length. This is consecrated by muntrums. A few pieces of money in gold are scattered upon it. Here the pile is erected of dried wood, on which the body is laid out at length. Over the body a quantity of twigs are laid, and are sprinkled with punchakaryam. The chief of the funeral then takes on his shoulder a pitcher of water, and goes round the pile three times, letting the water run through a hole made in it. After this, he breaks the pitcher in pieces near the head of the corpse.

At last the torch for setting fire to the pile is brought, and is handed to the chief of the funeral. Before he receives it, however, he rolls on the ground, beats his breast, and makes the air resound with his cries. The assistants also cry, or appear to cry. Fire being applied to the four corners of the pile, the crowd retire, except the four Brahmins who carried the body. They remain until the whole is consumed.

The funerals of the Sudras differ in some particulars from those of the Brahmins. Deafening sounds of drums, trumpets, and other instruments of music, accompany their funerals. To increase the noise, they sometimes shoot off a small instrument somewhat resembling a cannon.

By the ceremonies performed just before death, this wretched people expect to secure the pardon of all the sins of the deceased. Alas! what a delusion. Oh! that Christians had sent the Gospel to this dark land in the days when they sent it to our heathen fathers. Then might the Hindoos now be seeking the expiation of their sins through the blood of the ever-blessed Redeemer. Of this Redeem-

er, however, the most of them know little or nothing. They enter eternity, not that their souls may be consumed as their bodies have been, but to endure the flames of Divine wrath for ever and ever. Alas! alas! that it should be so. Oh! that the generation of Christians now living would lay to heart these things, and do what they can, through grace, to rescue those who are yet within the reach of hope from so tremendous a doom. What, my dear children, will you do for this purpose?

NUMBER XXI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : The people of India are divided into castes, as they are called. Their sacred books declare that Brumha created four different castes to inhabit the earth. From his mouth proceeded the Brahmin caste. Those of this class are the highest and noblest beings on earth, and hold the office of priests. At the same time there flowed from his mouth the Vedas, or sacred books. From Brumha's arm proceeded the military caste. From his breast proceeded the farmers and merchants. From his feet proceeded the Sudras or servile caste; carpenters, weavers, and the manual cultivators of the soil are included in this class.

Caste is not a civil, but a religious institution. It is a difference of *kind*. Hence, a man of one caste can never be changed into a man of another caste, any more than a lion

can be changed into a mole. Each caste has its laws, the breaking of which is attended with great disgrace.

By the system of castes, the Hindoos have been divided into so many selfish sections, each scowling on all the rest with feelings of hatred and contempt. This, of course, is one of the greatest obstacles to the spread of Christianity in this dark land.

The Brahmins, in consequence of their having been taught to regard all other classes of men with contempt, are very proud. They are exceedingly afraid of being defiled by other castes. They have the utmost dread of being touched by a Pariah—one of the lowest caste. To eat with these Pariahs, or to go into their houses, or to drink water which they have drawn, or from vessels which they have handled, is attended with the loss of their caste. They are considered to be so low, that if a Brahmin were to touch them, even with the end of a pole, he would be looked upon as polluted. In some places their very approach is sufficient to pollute a whole neighborhood.

The Brahmins carry their ideas of purity

so far, that if a Sudra should happen to look upon the vessels in which they cook their food, they would be considered as defiled. They can never touch any kind of leather or skin, except the skin of the tiger and antelope. They are great enemies to European and American boots and gloves. They rarely eat their food from plates, and when they do so it is only at home. They use the leaf of the plantain or other trees as a substitute. They will neither use a spoon nor a fork when they eat, and they are astonished that any one, after having applied them to their mouths and infected them with saliva, should repeat the act a second time. When they eat any thing dry, they throw it into their mouths, so that their fingers may not touch their lips.

They do not drink as we do, by applying the cup to their lips. This would be considered a gross impropriety. They pour the water into their mouths. The reason why they do these things is, because they consider the saliva to be the most filthy secretion which comes from the body. It is on this account that no one is ever allowed to spit within doors.

The use of animal food they consider to be defiling. They will eat nothing which has the principle of life in it, not even an egg. To kill a cow, is considered by them a crime which can never be atoned for, and to eat their flesh is a defilement which can never be washed away. To kill a cow is by *Hindoo* law punishable with death.

The touch of most animals, particularly the dog, defiles a Brahmin, and yet the dog is one of the gods worshipped by the Hindoos.

A Brahmin who is particular in his delicacy must wash his body, or bathe, if he happens to tread on a bone, or bit of a rag, or a leaf from which one has been eating. He must also be careful where he sits. They may sit down on the ground without defilement, provided it has been newly rubbed over with cow-dung. This last specific is used daily to purify their houses from the defilement occasioned by goers and comers. When thus applied diluted with water, it has one good effect—it completely destroys the fleas and other insects with which they are very much annoyed.

All the high castes consider the use of intoxicating drinks to be defiling. I hope, my

dear children, that you will ever have the same opinion, and no sooner touch them than you would touch arsenic and other poisons.

A person may be restored to his caste if he has not committed an unpardonable offense. This is done as follows: He prostrates himself very humbly before his relations—they being assembled for the purpose of his restoration—and submits to the blows or other punishment which they may think proper to inflict, or pays the fine which they may have laid upon him. Then, after shedding tears of sorrow and what not, he makes the shaasahanghum before the assembly. This being done, he is declared fit to be restored to his tribe. When a man has been expelled from his caste for some great offense, those who restore him slightly burn his tongue with a piece of gold made hot. They likewise apply to the different parts of the body red-hot iron stamps, which leave marks which remain for ever. Sometimes they compel the offender to walk on burning embers, and, to complete the purification, he must drink the nauseous punchakaryam, of which I have before told you. After this, he must give a grand feast.

No person who has eaten the flesh of the cow can ever be restored to his caste. Even the punchakaryam is of no avail in such cases.

I will make a remark here which I might have made before. It is, that in Christian countries there is a spirit of pride which much resembles the spirit of caste. Many are to be found who are very proud that they have descended from rich and honorable *ancestors*, and who look down almost with disdain upon those in other situations. I need hardly tell you, that this is a very wicked spirit, and entirely opposed to the Gospel. No matter what may be our high thoughts of ourselves, we appear but very low in the sight of Him who created us. We are all sinners, and as such are offensive in his sight. If we would go to heaven, the first thing which we have to do is to humble ourselves for the pride of our hearts, and become as little children before him. We must have that spirit of which the Apostle speaks, when he says: "Let each esteem others better than themselves." With an humble spirit we may approach a holy God, with the assurance that he will, for Christ's sake, forgive all our sins.

NUMBER XXI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: The Hindoos have many festivals. These are all occasions of joy and gladness. On such days the people quit their usual employments. Friends and relations unite in family parties and give entertainments according to their means. Innocent amusements of various kinds are resorted to, to add to their happiness. There are eighteen principal festivals yearly.

One of the most solemn of their ceremonies is held in the month of September, and appears to be principally in honor of Parvathe, the wife of Siva. At this time, every laborer and every artisan offers sacrifices and prayers to his tools. The laborer brings his plough, hoe, and other farming utensils. He piles them together and offers a sacrifice to them, consisting of flowers, fruit, rice and other articles. After this, he prostrates himself before

them at full length, and then returns them to their places.

The mason offers the same adoration and sacrifice to his trowel, rule, etc. The carpenter adores his hatchet, adze, and plane. The barber collects his razors together and worships them with similar rites. The writing-master sacrifices to his style and iron pen, with which he writes on the palm-leaf; the tailor to his needles; the weaver to his loom; the butcher to his cleaver. The women on that day collect into a heap their baskets, rice-mill, rice-pounder, and other household utensils and after having offered sacrifices to them, fall down in adoration before them. Every person, in short, in this solemnity, sanctifies and adores the instrument or tool by which he gains a living. The tools are considered as so many gods, to whom they present their prayers that they will continue to furnish them still with the means of getting a livelihood.

This feast is concluded by making an idol to represent Parvathe. It is made of the paste of grain, and, being placed under a sort of canopy, is carried through the streets with

great pomp, and receives the worship of the people.

Another festival of great solemnity is observed in October. At this time each person makes offerings of boiled rice and other food to such of their relations as have died, that they may have a good meal on that day. They afterwards offer sacrifices of burning lamps, of fruit and of flowers, and also new articles of dress, that their ancestors may be freshly clothed. At this festival soldiers offer sacrifices to their weapons to obtain success in war. On such occasions, a ram is offered to their armor.

In November, a festival is observed which is called the Feast of Lamps. At this season, the Hindoos light lamps and place them around the doors of their houses. This festival commemorates the deliverance of the earth from a giant who had been a great scourge to the people. He was slain by Vishnoo, after a dreadful battle. In many places, on this day, a sacrifice is offered to the *dung-hill*, which is afterwards to enrich the ground. In the villages, each one has his own heap, to which he makes his offerings of fruit, flowers, burning lamps, etc.

The most celebrated of all the festivals is held at the end of December. It is called the Feast of Pongul, and is a season of rejoicing for two reasons: the first is, because the month of December, every day of which is unlucky, is about to end; and the other is, because it is to be followed by a month every day of which is fortunate. For the purpose of preventing the evil effects of this month, the women every morning scour a place about two feet square before the door of the house, upon which they draw white lines, with flour. Upon these they place several little balls of cow-dung, sticking in each a flower. Each day these little balls, with their flowers, are preserved, and on the last day of the month, they are thrown into tanks or waste places.

The first day of this festival is called the Pongul of Rejoicing. Near relatives are invited to the feast, which passes off with mirth and gladness.

The second day is called the Pongul of the Sun, and is set apart to worship that body. Married women boil rice with milk in the open air. When the milk begins to simmer, they

make a loud cry: Pongul! O Pongul! The vessel is then taken from the fire and set before an idol. Part of this rice is offered to the image, and after standing there for some time, it is given to the cows. The remainder is given to the people. This is the great day for visiting among friends. The salutation begins by the question: "Has the milk boiled?" To which the answer is: "It has boiled." From this the festival takes the name of Pongul, which signifies, to boil.

The third day is called the *Pongul of Cows*. In a great vessel filled with water they put saffron and other things. These being well mixed, they go around the cows and oxen belonging to the house, several times, sprinkling them with water. After this, the men prostrate themselves before them, four times. The cows are then dressed, their horns being painted with various colors. Garlands of flowers are also put round their necks, and over their backs. To these are added strings of cocoa-nuts and other kinds of fruit, which, however, are soon shaken off when they are in motion, and are picked up by the children and others, who eat what they gather as some-

thing sacred. I, however, have told you enough. Are you ready to exclaim: "Is it possible that a people can be guilty of such utter folly?" But you, my dear children, would be guilty of such folly, if you had not the Bible. Should not the gratitude, then, which you owe to your heavenly Father, for your distinguished mercies, constrain you to do all that you can to send this blessed book to this dark land?

NUMBER XXIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In my letter—the one before the last—when speaking of the loss of caste, and of the impossibility of its being restored, after the eating of the flesh of the cow, I should have mentioned that the lower castes eat the flesh of the cow, not only after it has been killed, but when the cow has died of itself. Some eat even the ants—the white ants, whose *houses* are under ground. I must tell you some particulars about these white ants. They are about half the size of the black ant of America, and derive their peculiar name from their transparency. In front of their heads they have two *nippers*, if I may so call them, which are very small, but with which they do an immense amount of mischief. Were you to see them, you would not suppose it to be possible that with such little instruments they could do any injury.

Those of us, however, who have long been in India, know, to our sorrow, that the contrary is the case. They attack our books and clothes, and in a single day or night commit sad havoc among them. These they use for food. Wood is also one of their articles of diet. On this account they attack our boxes and trunks, and when they are of soft wood, such as our white pine of America, they soon, if left undisturbed, destroy them. Under our floors, I may say, there are myriads of them. It is on account of their destructive nature that we can not board floors in any of the houses consisting of but one story. Our floors are made of common mortar or tiles. Through the former they contrive, with their little nippers, to make their way, and by the edges of the latter. These ants are favorite dishes, if you will allow me to use the term, for the fowls, and for the little innocent lizards which we have about our houses. This being the case, their instinct teaches them to make use of means for their defense. When they come up through our floors in quest of food, they build mud houses quite up to the floor where they intend to have their *feasts*. As

they generally choose those articles which will yield with the least labor to their little nippers, they will travel some distance to reach them. For instance, if they wish to *eat up* a house which is covered with leaves, they will not at first attack the hard wooden posts which support the roof, but build their houses on these posts, quite up, as I before said, to the place where they intend to commence their work of destruction. The posts will be reserved for their last meals. When their houses are done, you can perceive nothing but a long elevated streak of dried mud; and unless aware of it, you would have no idea of the mischief they were doing. These houses are semi-circular, consisting at first of soft, wet earth, which is brought up in very small quantities, of course, in their mouths or their little nippers. One grain after another of this is piled up, and when their buildings become dry they are quite hard—so hard that one of their principal enemies, the lizard, can make no impression on them. If you will take a rattan or a twig of a tree of the same size, split it in the middle, fasten one half of it with its flat part inward, to a post, encase the

whole of it with soft mud about the thickness of one of our American-ten cent pieces, and, after the mud is dried, draw out the rattan, you will have a good idea of their houses. Through the hollow in these houses, thousands of ants travel to their destined spot. There is another singularity about the white ant. It is, that they put a covering of mud over every thing they intend to devour. For instance, if you should happen to drop your spelling-book on the ground, and after a few days go in quest of it, you would see nothing to remind you of your book. All you could see would be an elevation having the appearance of dried mud. This dried mud they use, as in the instance to which I just alluded, as a covering of defense. Underneath it, and between it and your book, there would be a space sufficiently wide to allow them to travel about, and eat at their convenience.

You may, perhaps, have heard of the white-ant hills. They are of the shape of a pyramid, several feet above the ground, and become so hard that it is difficult to destroy them, except with a pickaxe. But I have told you enough of this, and would proceed to remark that, in

the rainy season, vast numbers of white ants, probably the older ones, take wings, come out of their holes, fly about for a little season, and then die. At this time their bodies become larger than the bodies of an American black ant. It is after they have taken wings that they are made use of for food. As the ground is full of them, the children surround the little openings by which they have communication with the air, get down upon their hands and knees, put their mouths to these openings, and, with a peculiar noise which they make, they either do in reality call up, or think that they do call up, great numbers of them. At all events they make their appearance. I think it probable that they are frightened by the noise which they hear, and that on this account they come forth. As fast as they show themselves, the children catch and kill them. After they have taken many, they put them into water, when their wings fall off. They then mix them with rice, and dry them over the fire. Thus prepared they are ready for eating.

In my next letter, I will (D. V.) say something more about the white ants.

NUMBER XXIV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In my last letter I spoke of the means which the little children make use of to secure a meal of white ants. There is another method adopted by the people to catch them. They find an ant-hill where the ants are ready for "swarming," and at about thirty-two or three feet from the hill, on the leeward side, they dig a hole as large as a common water-pail, in which they set a pot of water standing towards the hill. Then a small fire is set a few inches from the pot, between it and the ant-hill. As the ants come out in great numbers at night, they see the light, are attracted by it, fly directly over it, and fall into the water and are drowned. Sometimes the people will secure two quarts of them from a single pot.

One of the most interesting points in the history of the white ant is the queen-mother.

By digging into the outer ant-hill, many, in some instances hundreds, of rooms are found, which the ants make their home. By digging farther into it, a room of a peculiar kind is discovered, of which you can have some idea by supposing two saucers to be placed with their hollows towards each other, and thus brought together. Inside this lies the queen; she is like a white worm, somewhat translucent, and grows to the enormous size of a man's little finger. To this great body is attached the natural and small head of the small ant! All around her room are very small entrances, about the size of a pin's head, and at each of these doors is stationed a sentinel to guard their queen against all intruders. These sentinels are very watchful, and if disturbed they show their attachment to her by sticking out of the doors their little nippers, and afterwards, if in their power, by cutting their enemies into two parts, as with a pair of scissors.

The queen lies quiet, not being able to move her great body, and if she were able to move it, she could not get out of her palace. It is said that the ants bring her food and supply

all her wants, while she, month after month, continues to fill up her little world with her busy and mischievous little people.

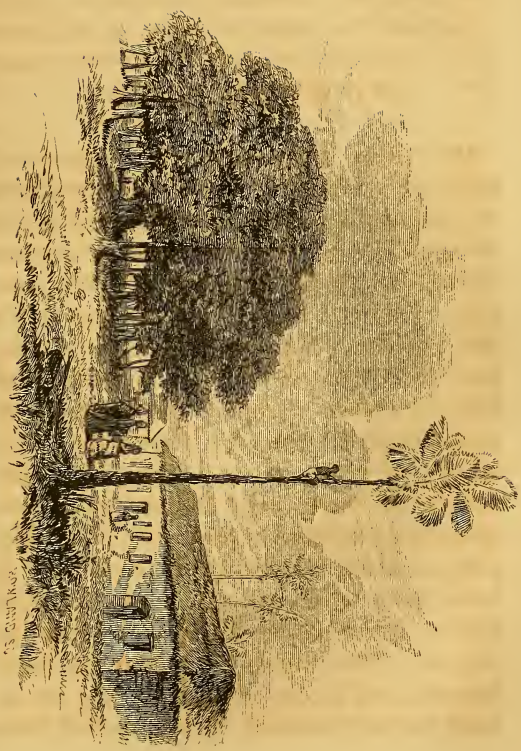
I ought to have mentioned in its proper place, that when the white ants come up from their holes, or while they are carrying up their houses—the upper part of which must remain open until they reach their place of destination—they are much exposed to be devoured. The little lizards, for instance, will take up their position near them, dart upon them and seize them, then recede and swallow them, then dart upon them again and again, and thus continue their manœuvring until they have filled their little stomachs. What a fit emblem is this of the great adversary—of the great *devourer* of souls! How does he momentarily and hourly watch to devour us! My dear children, have you been sorry for your sins, and have you forsaken them? Have you given up your hearts to your Saviour, and do you strive above all things to love and serve him? If so, all is well with you. If this, however, is not the case, how awful is your situation! You are liable every moment to be devoured by the great adversary

of your souls—liable every moment to be lost. Oh! flee to the Saviour—flee to him to-day, even *now*! Delay not, for if you do, even before to-morrow your everlasting wail, your everlasting lament, may be begun.

NUMBER XXV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: The natives of India are very fond of worshipping trees, both of good and evil. The Palmyra tree is one of the most useful, and it is natural to suppose that this would be a favorite object of worship. I am not aware, however, that this is ever the case. Less regard is shown to those trees which excel in fruit than to such as afford the coolest shade by the thickness of their foliage. Among the latter is the stately banyan, of which you may have seen the picture in the Dayspring. Of the evil or mischievous trees there is one which is worshipped, and which deserves particular notice. It bears thorns which are venomous. To avert their evil, the people offer rather a singular sacrifice. This consists in sticking rags on its branches and shoots, with which they are almost entirely covered. I saw one of these

HINDOO HOUSE. PALMYRA AND BANYAN TREES.



trees some time ago near Sivigungal, Mr. Chandler's station in Madura.

I just now mentioned that the Palmyra tree is one of the most useful trees in India. I must give you some account of it: It is entirely made up of a trunk and leaves. Of course it has no branches. It grows very high, and is almost as straight as an arrow. In this respect it differs altogether from the cocoa-nut tree, which is almost invariably crooked. The first shoot from the planted nut is a leaf. When this has grown to its full size, it has a long stem, three feet in length. At this time the leaf is about two feet in diameter, and is circular. You may have seen the fans which are made of it. After the first leaf appears another and another grow at its side, and while thus growing the trunk begins to be *deposited* just below them. This, when fully formed, is a foot and a half in diameter. As the trunk continues to grow, the leaves are to be seen attached to its sides by the stems, the ends of which embrace the whole tree. After a while, as new leaves come out, the lower leaves die; but they do not fall off until the end of the stem attached to the tree decays.

Generally the leaves are cut off. When this is the case, a part of the stem remains, which eventually falls off, and is used in the place of fire-wood. A little ridge is left on every part of the trunk where the leaves were attached. This makes it quite rough, which is of great importance, as it enables the climber of the tree to ascend it more easily.

With this tree and mud alone the natives can build a very comfortable house. The trunk of the tree is used for rafters and sleepers. It may also be used for the door-posts and doors, but generally Marcosa or other hard woods are substituted. These are preferable on two accounts. The white ants are very fond of the Palmyra wood, and soon destroy it. It also, from its grassy nature, soon decays when it comes in contact with earthy substances. Under other circumstances, it is very durable. The timbers of the house are fastened together with wooden nails, formed from the same tree, and the sleepers are tied to them by a string which is peeled from the stem of the leaf. The leaves are used for the covering of the house, and are perfectly watertight.

This tree furnishes the people with all the means necessary for drawing water from the wells; posts for the well-sweep; the well-sweep; ropes, twisted from the strands of the stem of the leaf; and the basket, made of the platted leaves, for the purpose of drawing the water. It also makes excellent troughs.

I remarked that the Palmyra leaves are useful as a covering for houses. They are used for a great variety of other purposes. Cut into small, oblong pieces, they are platted together and used as mats for the floors; for bags, in which to keep their rice and other grains; as little receptacles for the sugar which is manufactured from the sweet juice of the tree. They are used as a substitute for pockets, to carry their papers, their betel, and arikkanut, and other things; as plates from which to eat, and cups from which to drink. Good hats may be manufactured from them. They are also used for hedges. After being used thus for a year or two, they decay. They are then buried in the earth, and serve as an excellent manure to enrich the land.

All their books are written on this leaf. The letters are impressed upon them by a style

or iron pen, which cuts through the outer surface, or the *skin*, of the leaf. Charcoal is rubbed over these letters to make them more legible. The letters which they send by mail, their deeds, and other similar instruments, are also written upon this leaf.

The tree yields a rich but rather coarse fruit. This is as large as a cocoa-nut when deprived of its husk. It usually has three large seeds. When quite young, the inner part of these seeds yields a very delicious jelly. Around these seeds, when ripe, there is a yellow, inspissated juice, which is eaten, if you will allow me thus to speak, in its natural state, and is very nourishing. This juice is also expressed from the fruit, put upon mats and dried in the sun, and is used for food by many of the lower classes. After the seeds are divested of their inspissated juice and other things, they are planted, and from them shoots downward a very nourishing root, similar in appearance to the carrot or parsnip. This, when fully grown, is dug up. It is then boiled and eaten, or it is cut into pieces, dried in the sun, and afterwards used as flour to make gruels and puddings. The seed serves

another purpose after this. It is burnt, and makes excellent charcoal. This is used by the blacksmiths, silversmiths, and other similar tradesmen.

I mentioned that sugar is manufactured from the juice of this tree. This juice is drawn from the upper part of it. "Among the cluster of leaves which crown the stem, several long sheaths are found which contain the flower-buds. Under each of these the climber of the tree hangs a jar, and cutting off the top of the bud, the juice begins to flow." This at first is very sweet. It is called Karapurny. The sugar is manufactured from it while in this state. If it is allowed to stand a few hours, it ferments, and becomes an intoxicating liquor. This, I am sorry to tell you, is much used by many, and goes far to counterbalance all the blessings of this tree. What a curse are intoxicating drinks to the world!

But you, perhaps, will ask, How can a man climb a tree which has no branches. He climbs it in a very curious manner. A loop is made of the strand of the stem, and this encircles both of his feet. He then stands

upright, close to the tree, and raising both his hands above his head, he clasps the tree with them. He then draws up his feet as far as possible, and applies the sole of each foot to the sides of the tree. The loop catches in the rough bark, and as it encircles the feet, it prevents them from slipping. While thus clinging with his feet, he lets go his hands and raises them with his body to nearly a perpendicular condition, when he again clasps the tree with his hands. Then he draws up his feet again, and so on, until he reaches the top of the tree. After having cut the buds, before referred to, he applies his little jar and immediately descends. He re-visits the tree after he supposes that his jar is filled.

It is, however, time to conclude. Before I do so, allow me, my dear children, to remind you of the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. If you would sit down under the shade of this tree, and enjoy its fruit for ever, you must, while on earth, become Christ's children. And are you his children? This is a momentous question, and I entreat you to answer it to your conscience, before you ever again sleep—before you sleep,

did I say? Answer it *now*, for you may be an inhabitant of eternity before another hour, yea, another minute, has passed. And if, on examination, you find that you are not His, I need not spend my time in telling you what you must do.

NUMBER XXVI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Rivers are favorite objects of worship with the Hindoos. I will tell you a little about one of the most celebrated of these—the river Ganges. It is called the Ganges after the goddess Gunga. The Hindoos say that the goddess Gunga—who was produced from the sweat of Vishnoo's foot, which Brahma caught and preserved in his alms-dish—came down from heaven, and divided herself into a hundred streams, which are the mouths of the river Ganges. All castes worship her. The sight, the name, or the touch of the river Ganges, takes away, it is said, all sin. To die on the edge of the river, or to die partly buried in the stream, or to drink its waters, while their bodies are besmeared with mud, is supposed to render them very holy. On this account, when it is expected that a person must die, he

is hurried down to the river, whether willing or unwilling. Sometimes the wood, which the people bring to burn their bodies after death, is piled up before their eyes. Oh! how inhuman is this! After it is supposed that they are dead, and they are placed on the pile of wood, if they should revive and attempt to rise, it is thought that they are possessed with the devil, and they are beaten down with a hatchet or bamboo.

Were you standing on the banks of the Ganges, you might, perhaps, in one place, see two or three young men carrying a sick female to the river. If you should ask, what they are going to do with her, perhaps they would reply: "We are going to give her up to Gunga, to purify her soul, that she may go to heaven; for she is our mother." In another place you might see a father and mother sprinkling a beloved child with muddy water, endeavoring to soothe his dying agonies, by saying: "It is blessed to die by Gunga, my son; to die by Gunga is blessed, my son." In another place you might see a man descending from a boat, with empty water-pans tied around his neck, which pans, when filled,

will draw down the poor creature to the bottom, to be seen no more. Here is murder in the name of religion. He is a devotee, and has purchased heaven, as he supposes, by this his last deed. In another place you might see a person seated in the water, accompanied by a priest, who pours down the throat of the dying man mud and water, and cries out: "O mother Gunga! receive his soul!" The dying man may be roused to sensibility by the violence. He may entreat his priest to desist; but his entreaties are drowned. He persists in pouring the mud and water down his throat, until he is gradually stifled, suffocated; suffocated in the name of humanity; suffocated in the name of religion.

It happens sometimes, in cases of sudden and violent attacks of disease, that they can not be conveyed to the river before death. Under such circumstances a bone is preserved, and at a convenient season is taken down and thrown into the river. This, it is believed, contributes essentially to the salvation of the deceased.

Sometimes strangers are left on the banks to die without the ceremony of drinking Gau-

ges water. Of these, some have been seen creeping along with the flesh half eaten off their bones by the birds; others with limbs torn by dogs and jackals; and others partly covered with insects.

After a person is taken down to the river, if he should recover, it is looked upon by his friends as a great misfortune. He becomes an outcast. Even his own children will not eat with him, nor offer him the least attention. If they should happen to touch him, they must wash their bodies, to cleanse them from the pollution which has been contracted. About fifty miles north of Calcutta are two villages inhabited entirely by these poor creatures, who have become outcasts in consequence of their recovery after having been taken down to the Ganges.

At the mouth of the river Hoogly, which is one of the branches of the Ganges, is the island Sanger, which I saw as we approached Calcutta, after having been at sea one hundred and twenty-eight days. Now, my dear children, if you come to India as missionaries, you will have to sail nearly one hundred and thirty days before you can reach it. Sanger

Island is the place where, formerly, hundreds of mothers were in the habit of throwing their children to the crocodiles, and where these mothers were wont to weep and cry if the crocodiles did not devour their children before their eyes. Think what a dreadful religion that must be, which makes mothers willing to do such things.

I am glad to tell you that the British government in India has put a stop to the sacrifice of children at that place; but mothers continue to destroy their children elsewhere, and will continue to destroy them, until Christians send the Gospel to them. It is not improbable that many children are annually destroyed in the Ganges. Mothers sacrifice them, in consequence of the vows which they have made. When the time to sacrifice them has come, they take them down to the river, and encourage them to go out so far that they are taken away by the stream, or they push them off with their own hands.



THE HEATHEN MOTHER.

NUMBER XXVII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In my last letter I remarked that the mothers of India will continue to destroy their children until the Gospel is sent to them. That the Gospel does prevent such things, the following circumstance will show: Several years ago, a missionary lady went from New-England to India. As she was walking out one morning, on the banks of the Ganges, she saw a heathen mother weeping. She went up to her, sat down by her side, put her hand into hers, and asked what was the matter with her. "I have just been making a basket of flags," said she, "and putting my infant in it, pushing it off into the river and drowning it, and my gods are very much pleased with me because I have done it." After this missionary lady had heard all she had to say, she told her that her gods were no gods; that the only true God delights

not in such sacrifices, but turns in horror from them; and that if she would be happy here and hereafter, she must forsake her sins, and pray to Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners like herself. That conversation was the means of the conversion of that mother, and she never again, of course, destroyed any more of her infants.

Such is the power of the blessed Gospel; and what it has once done it can do again. If Christians will send it to them, with the blessing of God, the time will soon come when heathen-mothers will no more destroy their children. And have you nothing to do in this great work, my dear children? When you grow up, can not you go and tell them of the Saviour? Here is a pretty hymn about a heathen-mother throwing her child to a crocodile.

See that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow,
With her own maternal hand,
'Mid the waves her infant throw.

Hark! I hear the piteous scream!
Frightful monsters seize their prey!
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

Fainter now and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear ;
But the mother's heart is steel ;
She unmoved that cry can hear.

Send, oh ! send the Bible there ;
Let its precepts reach the heart ;
She may then her children spare ;
Act the mother's tender part.

I have heard of a little boy who learned this hymn. He was deeply affected by it, and wanted very much to give something to send the Gospel to India. But he had no money. He was, however, willing to labor to earn some. Hearing that a gentleman wanted the chips removed from the ground near his wood-pile, he hired himself to him, removed the chips, got the money, and with glistening eyes went and delivered it up to be sent to the heathen, repeating as he went:

“Send, oh ! send the Bible there ;
Let its precepts reach the heart ;
She may then her children spare ;
Act the mother's tender part.”

About one hundred miles above the mouth of the Hoogly is the city of Calcutta. and

about five hundred miles above that city is the city of Benares. In these cities, as well in other places, we see how much the heathen will contribute to support their wretched religion. A rich native of Calcutta has been known to spend more than one hundred thousand dollars at a single festival—the festival of the goddess Karle—and more than thirty thousand dollars every year afterwards during his life for the same purpose. Not long since, a rich native gave, at one time, to his idols more than one million two hundred thousand dollars. And what have Christians ever done to honor their Saviour, which will bear comparison with what the heathen do for their idols? Alas! alas! how few Christian men and women in all the Church are willing to give even one tenth of their annual income to the Lord. Most of those who are rich hoard up their money instead of spending it for the purpose of saving souls. And there are many persons who have never given a farthing to send the Gospel to the heathen. Oh! what will such say when they must meet the heathen at the bar of God?



HINDOO GODDESS DURGA.

NUMBER XXVIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Let me now return to the subject from which I told you, in my thirteenth letter, that I would, for a little while, turn away. I will first speak of Durga, the wife of Siva, a goddess who is much worshipped. She has appeared in a thousand forms, with a thousand different names. Of all these thousand forms, Durga and Karle are the most regarded by the people. Durga's Festival is the most celebrated of all Eastern festivals. She has ten hands, in which she holds an iron club, a trident, a battle-axe, spears, thunder-bolts, etc. Thus armed, she is very ready to fight with her enemies.

Were you to be present in the city of Calcutta in the month of September, you might everywhere see the people busy in preparing for the yearly festival of this goddess. Images

representing her, you would find in great numbers for sale, as bread or meat is sold. In the houses of the rich, images are to be found made of gold, silver, brass, copper, crystal-stone, or mixed metal, which are daily worshipped. These are called permanent images. Besides these, multitudes of what are called temporary images are made—made merely for the occasion, and then destroyed. They are made of hay, sticks, clay, wood, etc. Their size varies from a few inches to twenty feet in height. If persons are too poor to buy their images, they can make images for themselves. When the festival is near at hand, people are seen in every direction carrying their images to their houses. After they are thus supplied, the festival commences. It lasts fifteen days. The greater part of this time is spent in preparing for the three great days of the worship. Early on the morning of the first of the three great days, the Brahmins proceed to consecrate the images, or to give them, as they suppose, life and understanding. Until they are consecrated, they are not thought to be of any value—they are looked upon as senseless. A wealthy

family can always secure the services of one or more Brahmins, and a few of the poor may unite and secure the services of one of them. At length the solemn hour arrives. The Brahmin, with the leaves of a sacred tree, comes near the image. With the two fore-fingers of his right hand he touches the breast, the cheeks, the eyes, and the forehead of the image, at each touch saying the prayer: "Let the spirit of Durga descend and take possession of this image." By such ceremonies it is supposed that the Brahmins have the power to bring down the goddess to take possession of the image. Having been thus consecrated, it is believed to be a proper object of worship. Having eyes, it can now behold every act of worship which is made; having ears, it can be delighted with music and with songs; having a nose, it can smell the sweet perfumes which are offered; having a mouth, it can be delighted with the food which is prepared for it.

After the image is consecrated, the worship begins. The devotee comes near the image and falls down before it. He then twists himself into a great variety of shapes. Sometimes

he sits on the floor, sometimes he stands, sometimes he looks in one direction, sometimes in another. Then he sprinkles the idol with holy water, rinses its mouth, washes its feet, wipes it with a dry cloth, throws flowers over it, puts jewels on it, perfumes it, and finishes by performing shaashtaangkum.

The worship of the idol is succeeded by a season of carousing, joy, and festivity. On this occasion, large offerings are made to the idols. A rich native has been known to offer eighty thousand pounds of sugar, eighty thousand pounds of sweetmeats, a thousand suits of cloth garments, a thousand suits of silk, a thousand offerings of rice, plantains, and other fruits.

Bloody sacrifices are offered up on such occasions. The King of Nudiya, some time ago, offered a large number of sheep, goats, and buffaloes on the first day of the feast, and vowed to double the offering every day; so that the whole number sacrificed amounted to more than sixty thousand. You may remember that King Solomon offered, upon one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen, and a hundred and twenty thousand sheep. If all the ani-

mals slain throughout Hindostan, at the festival of Durga, were collected together, they would amount to a much larger number than Solomon offered.

After the worship and offerings have been continued for three days, the festival closes.

NUMBER XXIX.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : In my last letter I told you something about the goddess Durga, the consecration of her image, etc. As the morning of the first day of her festival was devoted to the consecration of her images, the morning of the fourth is spent in unconsecrating them. This work is done by the Brahmins. They profess, by various ceremonies, to send back the goddess to her heaven, concluding with a farewell address, in which they tell her that they expect her to accept of all their services, and return and pay them a visit again in the coming year. Then all unite in bidding her a sorrowful adieu, and many seem to be affected, even to the shedding of tears.

Soon afterwards, the images are carried forth into the streets, are placed on stages or platforms, and raised on men's shoulders. As

the procession moves onward through the streets, accompanied with music and songs, amid clouds of dust, you might see them waving long hair-brushes to wipe off the dust, and to keep off the flies and mosquitoes, which might trouble the senseless images. But where are these processions going? To the banks of the Ganges. And for what purpose? For the purpose of casting the images into the river. When all the ceremonies connected with the occasion are finished, those who carry the images suddenly fall upon them, break them to pieces, and then throw them into the river. After this, the people return to their homes. A few days ago, the little children were seen dragging their idols on small cars, by the mission-house which I occupy, for the purpose of throwing them into the sea. These images were made of mud.

I have now given you a specimen of the image-worship of the Hindoos; and how different is it from the worship which the Bible enjoins! God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. The very reverse of this, as you have

seen, makes the worship of the heathen. They are not satisfied unless they can have some object before their eyes, to which they can make their offerings and prayers. Thus are they daily engaged in a service, which, above all others, is the most offensive and provoking to a holy God—a service which has caused Him to declare that idolaters shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. This, too, is the service in which every person who has never given himself to the Saviour is engaged; and, of course, in which you are engaged, if you have not given your hearts to him. Those who think more of their money than they think of Christ, just as certainly worship the image which is stamped on a dollar or a cent, as the heathen worship their idols. Those who love their fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, more than Christ, make them their idols. And are you, my dear children, yet out of Christ? If so, you have your idols. And what are these idols? Are they the world and its vanities, fondness for dress, fondness for vain parties of pleasure? Then God is as angry with you as he is with the heathen, and unless you

give up these idols, you, too, must be lost. And will you not give up these idols? Can any folly be greater than that of not giving them up? Are they not bubbles, which may be broken in a moment? Besides all this, may you not be in eternity before another day has passed? Yea, even before another hour shall have fled you may be there. The following instance proves this: "Not long since," says the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, "a young man, in the vigor of health, with the fairest prospects of a long and prosperous life, was thrown from a vehicle, and conveyed to the nearest house in a state that excited instant and universal alarm for his safety. A physician was called. The first question of the wounded youth was: 'Sir, must I die? Must I die? Deceive me not in this thing.' His firm tone and penetrating look demanded an honest reply. He was told that he could not live more than an hour. He waked up, as it were, at once to a full sense of the dreadful reality. 'Must I then go into eternity in an hour? Must I appear before my God and Judge in an hour? God knows that I have made no preparation for this event. I knew

that impenitent youth were sometimes cut off thus suddenly, but it never entered my mind that I should be one of this number. And now what shall I do to be saved?' He was told that he must repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. 'But how shall I repent and believe?' Here is no time to explain. The monster, death, will not wait for explanation. The work must be done. The whole business of an immortal being in this probationary life is now crowded into one short hour, and that an hour of mental agony and distraction. Friends were weeping around, and running to and fro in the frenzy of grief. The poor sufferer, with a bosom heaving with emotion, and with an eye gleaming with desperation, continued the cry of 'What shall I do to be saved?' till, in less than an hour, his voice was hushed in the stillness of death!"

NUMBER XXX.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: The goddess Karle, whose name I have already mentioned, is the wife of Siva, and, like her husband, has the power of destruction. From the images made of her, it would appear she is of a black or dark blue color. She has four arms. In one hand she holds a sword, and in another a human head. Her hair is disheveled, reaching down to her feet. Her countenance is most ferocious. Her tongue comes out of her mouth, and hangs over her chin. She has three eyes, red and fiery. Her lips and eyelids are streaked with blood. She has two dead bodies for ear-rings, and wears a girdle around her loins—a girdle made of bloody hands, which she cut off from the bodies of her enemies. She has a necklace of skulls, which she took from the bodies of the giants and others killed by her.

Of all the Hindoo goddesses, she is the most cruel and revengeful. Such is her thirst for blood, that being unable at one time to procure any giants for her prey, in order to satisfy her thirst she cut her own throat, that the blood issuing hence might spout into her mouth. Different acts of worship are performed to appease her. If, for example, a devôtee should burn his body, by applying a burning lamp to it, it would be very pleasing to her. If he should draw some of his blood and give it to her, or if he should cut off a piece of his flesh and offer it as a burnt-offering, she would be still more pleased. If he should present *whole* burnt-offerings upon the altar, saying, "Hrang, hrang, Karle, Karle—O horrid tooth goddess! eat, eat! destroy all the malignant! cut with this axe! bind, bind! seize, seize! drink this blood! shpeng, shpeng! secure, secure! salutation to Karle!"—she would be much delighted. It is said that she will be pleased for three months, if the people offer her the blood of a crocodile; for a thousand years, if they offer her the blood of one man; and a hundred thousand years, if they offer the blood of three.

This goddess is the patroness of thieves.

To her they pay their devotions, to obtain help to carry on their wicked designs. Gangs meet together, and after having offered up bloody sacrifices, and worshipped their weapons, and having drunk some intoxicating liquor, and rubbed their bodies with oil, they go forth to rob. They have a prayer which they offer when they worship their weapons. It is as follows: "O instrument formed by the goddess! Karle commands thee to cut a passage into the house; to cut through stones, bones, bricks, wood, the earth, and mountains, and cause the dust thereof to be carried away by the wind."

This is probably the goddess to whom the wild Khonds, and others inhabiting the hill-countries of Orissa, offer up human sacrifices. Of these I will give you some account in my next letter.

And is it possible, my dear children, that the followers of such divinities can go to heaven? How could such ever relish its pure joys? What would they do, if they could be admitted there? It is a charity which has no foundation, to suppose that the heathen can go to heaven. I have preached the Gospel to

tens of thousands of them—perhaps to more than a hundred and fifty thousand—but I never saw one who had the least atom of a qualification for that holy place. “They have all gone out of the way.” Every crime which the Apostle Paul speaks of in the latter part of the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, they commit, and crimes of so dreadful a nature that I can not mention them ; crimes which, should they be written in the Bible, would cause the Bible to be a sealed book for ever.

NUMBER XXXI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I have spoken in one of my former letters of Orissa, a district of country a few hundred miles above the city where I reside. In that district there are extensive mountains, inhabited by different tribes of barbarians, who are in the habit—except when they have been prevented by the British—of offering up human sacrifices. Until of late, the Khonds of Goomsoor were numbered among these sacrifices. Of these I gave some account when I was lately in America. I will speak of them as still offering up these sacrifices, though I believe that government has to a great extent, at least, succeeded in putting an end to them in this tribe. Their victims are stolen from the low country, or are sold to them.

I will tell you how they perform their sacrifices, though I should be glad not to tell you

any thing about them, on account of their cruelty. Were I not to tell you about them, you would never know how to pity them, and pray and labor for them, as you should do. When the day which has been appointed for the sacrifice arrives, the Khonds assemble from all parts of the country, dressed in their finery, some with boa-skins thrown over their shoulders, others with the tails of peacocks flowing behind them, and the winding feather of the jungle-cock waving over their heads. Thus decked, they dance, leap, rejoice, beat drums, and play on an instrument not unlike in sound to the Highland pipe. In the afternoon the priest, with the aid of an assistant, proceeds to fasten a man, or a woman, or a boy, or a girl to a post, which has been firmly fixed in the ground. Around this post stand numbers of these Khonds, with great knives in their hands. At an appointed signal they rush upon the poor creature, and try who can cut the first piece of flesh from his bones. Great value is attached to the first morsel cut out from his body, as it is supposed to possess greater virtues. This is buried in the earth before sunset.

In Guddapoor a different sacrifice precedes this. A trench seven feet long is dug, over which a human body is suspended alive by the neck and feet, which are fastened to stakes firmly fixed in the ground at each end of the excavation, so that, to prevent strangulation, he is compelled to support himself with his hands over each side of his grave. The presiding priest, after the performance of various ceremonies in honor of their goddess, takes an axe and inflicts six cuts at equal distances from the feet to the back of the neck, repeating the numbers one, two, three, etc., as he proceeds, Rondi, Rendi, Munjee, Nalge, Chingi, Sajgi, and at the seventh, Aigi, cuts off his head. The body falls into the pit, and is covered with earth.

Had you, my dear children, been born in that part of India, some of you might have been stolen from your parents, and taken up the mountains to be sacrificed by the Khonds. Many who have thus been taken up to be sacrificed, have within the last few years been rescued from them. Captain Campbell, in one of his communications, says: "I have been most fortunate in my late expedition among

the wild Khonds of Goomsoor, and have rescued no less than *one hundred and three* children, of various sizes, who were intended for sacrifice by these barbarians. These children are now at head-quarters, and form a most interesting group, happy, such of them as were aware of their situation, in having escaped the fate which awaited them."

After the arrival of the British troops in the Khond country, a female found her way to the collector's camp, with fetters on her legs. She had escaped from those who had charge of her, and related that she had been sold by her brother for the purpose of being sacrificed.

Thus, you see, my dear little girls, that if you had been born in some parts of this land, your own brothers would sell you for a dollar, to have all the flesh cut from your bones; and if you have never yet given your hearts to Christ, methinks you ought to do so immediately, from gratitude to Him who has made you to differ from them.

NUMBER XXXII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Having given you some description of the Khonds, I proceed to remark that there are districts beyond theirs, where human sacrifices are performed in a different manner. Some destroy their victims by heavy blows from the metal bangles, which they purchase at the fairs, and which they wear on these occasions. If the poor creature is not killed by two or three of these blows inflicted on his head, they strangle him with a cleft bamboo, which they slip over his neck. Others destroy their victims by placing them on the ground, bound hand and foot, with their faces downwards, and by throwing large stones upon them until their lives are extinct. In Patna the people do not use much of the flesh of their victims—frequently none at all. In some districts they cut out the liver, in others, the lungs, and after chop-

ping them up in small pieces, bury them. It is customary among some tribes to draw a cup full of blood from the body, and each family take a little of it and sprinkle it on the floor of their house. While doing this they implore blessing on their household and on their fields.

It was not until the military operations of the British took place in Upper and Lower Goomsoon, in 1836 and 1837, that the cruel rite of immolating human beings was brought to light among the neighboring hill-tribes; and it was not until that time that the first victims destined for sacrifice were rescued from them. These were twelve in number. Captain Millar was the honored instrument in rescuing these first victims. For his services he received the acknowledgments of the Madras government, as follows: "Captain Millar will realize in his own mind an ample reward for his most commendable conduct in having rescued twelve victims destined for these horrible sacrifices; as the gratifying reflection of having been the means of saving so many human beings from a cruel and untimely death can not fail, at all times, to be a

source of genuine happiness to him. The discretion, however, with which he contrived to effect his humane purpose is entitled to the warmest and most unqualified approbation of government."

I am personally acquainted with Captain MacVicar, a very good man, who has been one of the British agents "for the suppression of human sacrifices and female infanticide in the hill-tracts of Orissa." His constitution has been broken down by his labors on these unhealthy hills. I learned from him the facts contained in the first part of this letter, and also learned that the whole number of victims who had been rescued up to the time when he was in this city, in 1851, amounted to more than nineteen hundred. Of these, no less than *five hundred* were rescued by himself and his assistant, Captain Fry, year before last. All these immortal beings must have been put to death in the most horrid manner, had it not been for the timely assistance afforded to them.

I spoke in my last letter of a woman who escaped from the hands of the Khonds, and who was saved from being sacrificed by reach-

ing the collector's camp. Let me tell you of another person who escaped. His name is Joy Sing. He had, by stealth, witnessed one of the sacrifices of these barbarians. I say by stealth, for they never allow the victims devoted to destruction to witness a sacrifice. He had seen a child put in the cleft of a small tree which had been split for this purpose. He had seen how the child was held fast in this position, by the parts of the tree pressing upon its body. He had also seen the flesh cut from its bones. You will not wonder, therefore, that he was filled with horror at the thought of meeting with such a doom. Neither will you wonder at his determination to make every possible effort to free himself from the hands of his intended murderers. This effort was made, but it was at first unsuccessful. After travelling for two days through the wilderness, he was recaptured by his owners, and put in irons. His courage, however, did not fail. He determined to make another attempt to escape, though he could only crawl along, in consequence of the irons on his legs. Thus fettered, he travelled for two days and two nights, and when he

had just reached the foot of the mountains he again espied those who were in pursuit of him. Captain Millar, of whom I have already spoken, was providentially encamped near the place where he was. To this encampment he hastened, as you will readily suppose, with all the speed which he could command, scarcely daring to look behind him, and reached it in safety. On his arrival he endeavored to make known his tale of woe by his looks and his tears; and these looks and tears spoke a language which this officer could not misunderstand. His irons were taken off, and he was once more free.

Joy Sing was afterwards educated, and has since gone back to the mountains to assist in building up the kingdom of Christ there.

Have you never thought, my dear children, that by nature you are in a much worse situation than was Joy Sing, when in the hands of his intended murderers? They could do nothing more than destroy his body; but you are in the hands of one who, unless you flee from his grasp, as Joy Sing fled from the grasp of his masters, will be the means of the destruction both of your bodies and souls for ever.

And can you think of such a destruction without horror? Can you afford to be eternally lost? Can you lie in the flames in this world for a single night? Can you hold your hands in the fire for a single minute? Oh! if you are yet in the hands of the devil, flee from him.

NUMBER XXXIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: You will be glad to hear that many of the children who have been rescued from the cruel Khonds and others, have been sent by the British government to Christian schools—schools established by the missionaries of the cross. Connected with a station near *Cuttack*, (see your map,) between Madras and Calcutta, where a very dear friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, resides—a station about ten miles distant from the first range of mountains inhabited by the Khonds—there are two schools, one for the boys and the other for the girls who have been rescued from this wretched people. From the friend just alluded to, I learned the following fact: A few years ago, a number of these rescued victims arrived at the gate of the mission-house on their way to the sea-coast. The children of the schools went out to see them.

Belonging to the female school there was a little girl, who thought that she recognized her brother among the strangers. In a few minutes she was seen coming forward, leading him by the hand, and was heard exclaiming, with great joy, I have found my brother! Mr. Wilkinson said to her: "How do you know that he is your brother? Perhaps you are mistaken." "Oh! no, papa," said she, "I am not mistaken. I thought when I saw him at the gate, that he looked just like a little brother I had when I was taken from my home, only he was smaller. So I said to myself, if he is my brother, he will know his own name. So I called out, Pod, Pod, and he lifted up his head and came running to me." And this sister wept over her little brother and kissed him, and taking him up in her arms, she bore him away to her school-room.

A thought strikes me just in this place. It is, that if the sister of whom I have been speaking was so much rejoiced in having found her little brother—so glad that he was delivered from the awful death to which he had been exposed—how rejoiced must the angels of heaven be when such children as

you are rescued from the arms of the devil, and delivered from going down to that lake of fire and brimstone where the wicked are to weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth for ever! How rejoiced must they be when they see them safely folded in the arms of the Saviour! Are you, my dear children, folded in the arms of this Saviour? If so, all is well with you. But if not, your great adversary, the devil, who, like a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour, has you in his possession. Can you conceive of any situation this side of hell which is so dreadful?

NUMBER XXXIV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In my last letter I spoke of a little girl who had found her brother. Mr. Sutton relates the case of two brothers who met under similar circumstances. They had both been sold, at different times, to the Khonds, for sacrifice, by their unnatural uncle.

Among the victims formerly rescued from the Khonds, there was a very awkward lad, whom the missionaries called David. Great pains were taken to instruct him; but he was so stupid that all their efforts appeared to be useless. At last he was devoted to the work of sweeping the premises of the mission-house. "At this time," says the Rev. Mr. Sutton, "our school was very full, and many of the young natives had been converted. All at once, a ray of intelligence seemed to break upon the mind of poor David. He seemed

suddenly to be possessed of new faculties. All were astonished at his understanding and his answers. He now applied himself so diligently, and was profited so much by the instruction afforded, that he was subsequently received into our church. Soon afterwards he was taken into the printing-office, and as he made rapid advances in his new business, he was made a compositor. While thus engaged, and interesting and amazing us all by his sudden proficiency, there appeared on his skin numerous white spots—the first indications of leprosy, a very common and also a very fatal disease in India. We sent him to the hospital, and every care was taken of him; but each of the white spots became a putrid ulcer, and his limbs were much eaten away. Nothing could arrest the progress of his malady or save his life, and as there was danger that he might communicate his disease to others, by coming in contact with them, the doctor directed that he should be kept by himself. A tent was provided for him, from which he would creep, at service time, to the door of our meeting-room and join in the service. A more interested listener I never beheld. One

day I went with my wife to pay him a visit. He was stretched on his mat. His Testament was close to his side. His hymn-book was in his hand, and we saw that his attention had been riveted on the following verses :

‘Of all that decks the field or bower,
Thou art the fairest, sweetest flower ;
Then, blessed Jesus, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.

‘Day after day youth’s joys decay ;
Death waits to seize the trembling prey ;
Then, blessed Jesus, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.’

“ When we left the tent my wife said to me, with great emphasis and emotion: ‘ There lies an heir of glory ; for though, like Lazarus, he is full of sores, like Lazarus, also, he is rich in assured hope.’ I could not but concur in the parable.”

Soon afterwards, the spirit of this afflicted but happy youth took its flight, as we have good reason to believe, to the bosom of his Saviour, rescued by the British government from the hands of the cruel Khonds, and rescued from eternal torment, in consequence of

his having been sold to them for the purpose of being sacrificed. How mysterious are the ways of Providence!

Should it be the sad lot of any of you, my dear children, not to reach heaven at last, what will you say in the day of judgment, when you find this youth among the company of the redeemed, but yourselves among the company of the lost! Oh! that word *lost!* that dreadful, that dismal word, *lost!* What a living scorpion will it be to your deathless souls "for ever!"

But let me hope different things. Let me hope that you are not to be lost. If, however I am to entertain such a hope, there must be a change in you as great as is the change from death to life—a change from sin to holiness. You might as well expect to go down to the sea, and dwell beneath the surface of its waters, as to expect to go to heaven in your present unconverted state. You must be born again, or you can never enter into the kingdom of God. Christ, who is now to you as a root out of dry ground, and in whom you see no form nor comeliness, must become the supreme object of your desires. Him you must esteem

as the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. To him you must make an entire consecration of yourselves. Alas! alas! that you should have slighted him so long. Alas! that when he has come to the door of your hearts, and knocked for admittance, you should have treated him as you have done—treated him with an incivility which you would blush to use even to me.

My dear children, I can not bear the thought of your continuing in rebellion against your Saviour for another hour. Only think of his love to perishing sinners! Think of what he had to undergo and suffer to procure their salvation! To purchase this salvation he had to tread his weary way to the tomb, with no one to accompany him; to tread it through tears and groans, and under the edge of the sword of Divine justice. He was trodden, as it were, in the wine-press of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God. He was crowned with thorns, that they might be crowned kings in his Father's dominions. He was condemned at the bar, that they might not be condemned at the tribunal of the last day. He died that they might live. And can you think

of this love and your hearts not be melted? Can you see no beauty in Jesus, that you should desire him? Are your eyes holden, that you can not behold his all-attractive charms? I have been giving you a description of the wretched Khonds. Suppose that you were among them, and that you were now in the same condition with the little child of whom I have made mention—the little child who was placed in the cleft of a split tree for the purpose of having the flesh cut from its bones; and suppose that that good man, the agent of the British government, should come and rescue you from such a fearful death—would you not love him to the end of your lives? Would any thing be too hard for you to do for such a friend? And did Jesus come down from heaven to save sinners from being cast into everlasting burnings; and is he stretching out his hand and entreating you to grasp it, that you may be saved from this dreadful doom, and will you not grasp it and be saved? And will you not love him much for such kindness—love him to such a degree that nothing will be too hard for you to do to glorify him? What, not love that

Saviour who stands ready to save you from eternal death, when you would love your fellow-men for saving you from a temporal death?

Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely would they hasten to him;
He would cause them all to see.

NUMBER XXXV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that the cow is a prominent object of worship among the Hindoos. Brumha, it is said, created the Brahmins, or priests, and the cow at the same time—the former to read their Scriptures, the latter to afford milk for the burnt-offerings. The cow is called the mother of gods. She is worshipped annually. No image is used. The worship is performed in a cow-house, before a jar of water. On the thirteenth of Phalgoonee the milkmen paint the horns of their cattle and bathe them in the river. A few persons, who are very strict in their religion, worship the cow daily. After bathing, they throw flowers at her feet and feed her with fresh grass, saying, “O Bhuguvutee! eat.” After this they walk around her, sometimes even to the seventh time, making obeisance to her.

If a man sell his cow, the sacred book

threatens him with the torments of hell, for as many thousand years as there are hairs on his body. If her owner does not burn cow-dung in the cow-house to raise a smoke and keep off the mosquitoes from biting her, he will descend into the hell of mosquitoes and gad-flies. The holy ashes, which the Hindoos rub on their bodies, is nothing but burnt cow-dung. It may not be amiss to mention here, that cow-dung is gathered and dried for fuel, and in this respect is very useful where wood is scarce.

The black-faced monkey is worshipped by the Hindoos on their birth-day, to obtain long life, which they suppose he can bestow, as he is immortal. In some temples, his image, alone, is set up. Those who worship him are promised every gratification which they can desire. By many he is considered as their guardian god.

Many years ago the King of Nudeeya spent nearly fifty thousand dollars in marrying two monkeys; when all the parade common at Hindoo marriages was exhibited. In the marriage procession were seen elephants, camels, horses, palanquins, lamps, and flambeaus.

The male monkey was fastened in a fine palanquin, having a crown on his head, with men standing by his side to fan him. Then followed singing and dancing-girls in carriages. There was at the same time a grand display of fire-works. Dancing, singing, and every degree of low mirth were exhibited at the bridegroom's palace for twelve days together.

The jackal is worshipped, as a form of the goddess Durga, by all who worship the goddesses. The offerings made on such occasions are put on a clean place, and the god is called upon to come and partake of them. In temples dedicated to Durga, a stone image of the jackal is placed on a pedestal, and daily worshipped. When a jackal passes a Hindoo, he must bow to it, and if it passes on the left hand, it is considered to be very lucky. Other animals, such as the dog, the buffalo, the rat, and the goat are also worshipped.

I have previously told you that the Hindoos are worshippers of rivers. The following is a prayer which is offered by them to the Ganges: O goddess! the owl that lodges in the hollow of a tree on thy banks is exalted beyond measure, while the Emperor whose palace is far

from thee, though he possess a million of stately elephants, and may have the wives of millions of conquered enemies to serve him, is nothing.

The sacred books of the Hindoos are worshipped with the same ceremonies as an idol. They anoint them with perfumes at such times, and adorn them with garlands. At the reading of any part of the vades the worshipper thus prays to the book: O book! thou art the goddess of learning. Bestow learning upon us.

Stones, as I have before told you, are worshipped. Wood is also worshipped. There is what is called The Pedal, a favorite object of worship. It is a rough piece of wood, generally the trunk of a tree, balanced on a pivot, with a head something like a mallet. It is used to separate the rice from the husk, to pound brick-dust for buildings, etc. A person stands at the farthest end, and with his feet presses it down, which raises up the head; after which he lets it fall upon the rice or pieces of brick.

Several years ago, one of the native kings spent more than a hundred thousand dollars at a festival in honor of this log of wood.

NUMBER XXXVI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I have already mentioned that the Vidas, the most sacred of Hindoo books, are worshipped. In these books are laid down forms of religious worship which are designed to injure or destroy their enemies. When a person wishes to have his enemy destroyed, he goes to a Brahmin or priest, and secures his supposed aid. The Brahmin, before he proceeds to his work, clothes himself with a black garment. He also makes four images of the foe, and clothes them with black garments. He then kindles a sacrificial fire, and after the performance of various ceremonies, he takes pieces of some animal which has been consecrated for this purpose, and throws them into this fire on every occasion; when he makes this burnt-offering, he touches the mouth of the image of this enemy, uttering one or the other of the

forms of prayer which are written in the sacred books. Of these the following are a few: "O Agni!" God of fire, "thou who art the mouth of all the gods, do thou destroy the wisdom of my enemy. O Agni! fill with distraction the mind of this my enemy. O Agni! destroy the senses of this my enemy. O Agni! make dumb the mouth of this my enemy. O Agni! fasten with a peg the tongue of this my enemy. O Agni! reduce to ashes this my enemy." "O Agni! all the gods are centred in thee. Do thou render propitious the judge who is to decide between me and this enemy. O Agni! make this judge the enemy of my enemy."

In this manner, he must continue the sacrifice for fifteen days and nights. In the darkest part of the night, he must place a lamp near the altar, and thus address it: "O lamp! as the insect attracted by thee, falls into the blaze, so let my enemy be overthrown in the seat of judgment."

How different, my dear children, is the religion of Jesus from the religion of the Hindus. No precepts of the Bible teach us that we may injure or destroy our enemies. On the contrary they teach us to love them and

do them good. Let me quote for you some of the words spoken by our Saviour on this point: "You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

I not long since read of a little girl who was acquainted with her Bible, and who showed that she felt her obligation to obey it. One day she came to her mother much pleased, to show her some fruit which had been given to her. Her mother said that the friend was very kind and had given her much. "Yes," said the child, "very kind; and she gave me more than that, but I have given some away." The mother inquired to whom she had given it. She answered: "I gave it to the girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me." On being asked why she had given it to her, one of the reasons which she mentioned for

having done so, was in the following words: "Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her."

To this narrative it is added: "A tear stood in the eye of little Charles, and he promised his mother to try and do so too."

One of the young Hindoos in Dr. Duff's school in Calcutta, when reading the quotations which I a moment ago made from the Sermon on the Mount, and similar passages, was so struck with the difference between these precepts and the precepts of his shasters, that he could not but exclaim: "Oh! how beautiful, how divine! Surely this is the truth—this is the truth!" The consequence was, that he could never rest until he had thrown aside his sacred books and his idols, and embraced that Saviour whose precepts appeared to him to be so beautiful.

And was this heathen so struck with the beauty of the precepts of the Bible, so struck that he had no peace until he gave himself to his Saviour? And have you ever, my dear children, been struck with the precepts of your Saviour? so struck with them that you could never rest until you had given up your heart to him?

You should be most careful, my dear children, never to give place, even for a moment, to a revengeful spirit. Such a spirit often leads to the most disastrous consequences in this world, and, I need hardly add, that when unrepented of, it must inevitably be attended with the loss of the soul for ever in the world to come. One of the most appalling instances when I ever read of a revengeful spirit is the following :

“ We have all heard,” says the *Boston Recorder*, “ of the Spaniard, who having disarmed his enemy, obliged him, on condition that his life should be spared, to renounce his religion and blaspheme his Redeemer, and then deliberately plunged the sword into his bosom, saying that it would have been a poor revenge merely to put him to death. He had now insured his eternal damnation.” I heard this same anecdote related by the late venerable Dr. Milledoler, at a meeting which I attended about forty years ago in Garden street in the city of New York ; and as this event must have happened at least forty years ago, in all probability the murderer and the murdered have met, long ere this, in the world of woe,

there to be tormentors of each other for ever and for ever. Oh! what an awful place would hell be, if filled up only with such spirits as that to which I have now been directing your attention!

Allow me, my dear children, to repeat what I have just said—namely, that you will never give place, even for a moment, to a wrongful spirit.

Repress the very first risings of it. Alas! how many have destroyed not only their own happiness but the happiness of others by it. How many have been brought to the gallows by it. How many have by it been lost for ever. Think of the little girl of whom I have just been making mention. How much happier was she, than she would have been had she manifested an unkind spirit towards her who had been treating her badly. But the grand reason why you should not entertain a revengeful spirit is, because God has forbidden it. *He maketh his sun to rise on the evil as well as on the good. He sendeth rain upon the unjust as well as upon the just.* I need hardly add, after all I have said, that the same spirit which dwells in the bosom of Jehovah must dwell in yours also.

I should be very glad, if each of you would commit to memory the following two verses and often think of them.

Forgive thy foes—not that alone,
Their evil deeds with good repay ;
Fill them with joy, who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow,
In meek forgiveness to its doom ;
And o'er the axe at every blow
Sheds in abundance, rich perfume.

NUMBER XXXVII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: The people of India are very superstitious. Let me mention a few instances of their superstition. It is said that no act, however good it may be, if performed on Sunday, will succeed. Some will not eat at all on Sunday, until they have seen a certain bird—the bird on which the god Vishnoo rides. If a man rubs oil on his head on Monday and bathes, he will commit a sin equal to the sin of destroying a temple of Siva. If he has his hair cut on Tuesday, he will become poor. Even to worship the gods on Wednesday is bad. If a person takes medicine on Thursday, his sickness will be increased. Should he lend any thing on Friday, he will lose his property. If he should buy a new cloth on Saturday, take it home and keep it in his house, death may be the consequence. Should he die on this day, some other member of the family will die on the following week.

If the foundation of a house is laid in June, the destruction of that house will follow. Should a family enter a new house in March, some member of the family will die. If a marriage is celebrated in September, the husband and wife will fight each other. Should a vulture alight on a house, some evil will befall those who are living in it. If a crow should strike any person on his head with its wings, some of his relations will die. Should a cat or a snake cross his path, it would be an indication of evil. In the latter case one of his relations will die. If when returning home a person should meet him, bearing a light, a quarrel will be the result.

After a person has left his house, should he meet a single Brahmin, or a woman who has had her head shaved, or a washman, or a barber, the business for which he left would not succeed. Or, when going out, should he butt his head against the top of the door-frame, or should any one ask him where he was going, or should he happen to sneeze, he would consider these things as hindrances to his going out, and reënter his house.

Should a son or a daughter be born on the

new moon in April, they will become thieves. If a person is born under the planet Saturn, his wife, son, and friends will be destroyed.

If a person dreams that a monkey has bit him, he will die in six months; or if he dreams that bed-bugs in large numbers are creeping over him, to bite him, he will die in eight days. Should he dream that a dog has bitten him, he will die in three years; or should he dream that a dead person has appeared to him and spoken to him, he will die immediately. If a man has a little head, he will become rich. If he has a large head, he will be poor. If his forehead is wide, he will live a hundred years. If he has a small neck, he will be a murderer. If the second toe is long, he will be a bad man. If a woman has curly hair, she will not prosper. If her nose is long, she will have a good disposition. If her ear is wide, she will tell falsehoods. If she has a mole on her nose, she will be subject to anger; if on her lips, she will be learned; if on the eyebrows, she will be cunning.

Pages might be filled with things of the same description, but I will mention only one instance more. On a certain night in the

month of November, the people will not look at the moon. The reason assigned for this is as follows: Once, when the elephant-faced god, Pullian, was dancing before the gods, the moon happening to see him, laughed at him, and told him that he had a large stomach, an ear like a winnowing-fan, etc. This so enraged him, that he cursed her. This curse was inflicted on the night above mentioned.

How does the wretchedness of a people, both in reference to the things of this world and of the world to come, show itself where the Bible is unknown. If this blessed book were not an inspired book, if it did no more than remove the temporal miseries of man, how invaluable would it be; of how much more value then is it, in reference to the removal of their spiritual miseries?

Oh! why is it, that Christians have not long since sent the Gospel to them? Why is it that they do not send it to them *now*? This is a mystery which we must leave to be unravelled at the judgment-seat of the last day. My dear children, you are to stand before that judgment-seat. Shall any of these heathen among whom I dwell, rise up at that awful

season, stretch out their hands towards you, and say: There stand the children who might have sent us the Bible; but they did not send it, and now we must be lost, *lost for ever?*

NUMBER XXXVIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : I said something to you, in one of my former letters, about the transmigration of souls ; that is, that one soul passes into the body of another person, etc. The following quotations on this subject are from a native work, called Kurmuvi-pakee :

He that destroys a thing which is to be offered up in sacrifice will be punished in hell. Afterwards he will be born again, and remain a fish for three years. Then he will be born a man. He who kills an enemy subdued in war, will be cast into one of the hells ; after which he will become a bull, a tiger, a fish, a man. In the last state he will die with the palsy. He who eats good food without giving any of it to others will be punished in hell for thirty thousand years, and then be born a muskrat, then a deer, then a man who prefers

bad to good food. He who refuses to give his father and mother the food they desire, will be punished in hell, and afterwards be born a crow, then a man. In the latter birth he will not relish any food. The stealer of a water-pan will be born an alligator, and afterwards a man of monstrous size. He who kills an animal not designed for sacrifice will, in the form of a turtle, be punished in hell, then be born a bull, and then a man afflicted with an incurable distemper. He who kills an animal by holding its breath will, after enduring various torments, be born a snake, then a tiger, a cow, a white heron, a crow, and a man having the asthma. He who steals alms will sink into hell, and afterwards be born a blind man, afflicted with the consumption.

Manu says that the slayer of a Brahmin must enter, according to the circumstances of his crime, the body of a dog, a boar, an ass, a camel, a bull, a goat, a sheep, a stag, a bird. A priest who has drunk spirituous liquors shall migrate in the form of a worm or insect, a moth, or a fly feeding on filth or some ravenous animal. He who steals the gold of a priest shall pass a thousand times into the

bodies of spiders, of snakes, of chameleons, of crocodiles, and other water-monsters, or of mischievous blood-sucking demons. They who taste what ought not to be tasted, will be born maggots or flies.

One of the Puranas or sacred books declares that a person whose soul goes into a being lower than a man passes through eight millions of births among inferior creatures before he can again be born a man. Of these, he remains two millions one hundred thousand births among the immovable parts of creation, as stones, and trees, and so forth; nine hundred thousand births among the watery tribes; one million of births among insects, worms, etc.; one million of births among the birds, and three millions among the beasts.

That the Hindoos believe in transmigration often appears from their conversation. When a person is in deep sorrow for the loss of a child, and is addressed by another, the former perhaps will say: "What have I done that I am thus grievously afflicted? When I examine my life from my childhood I can not see that I have done any harm. Why, then, does God thus afflict me? Why did he give

me a child? Why did he take it away?" She next vents her grief in a torrent of abuse upon Yama, the king of the different hells. "O Yama! what did I do to thee? I am sure I never injured thee. Thou knowest that I had none else. I am in this world like a blind creature. The child was my staff, and thou hast taken him away. O thou wicked Yama! I will put a wisp of fire in thy face. I will flay the broom." Another female now joins her and says: "O sister! What! is your child gone? Ah! ah! ah! that vile Yama! He is full of injustice. If I could see him I would cut him in a thousand pieces." Another person comes in and says: "Why do you blame Yama? What fault has he done? In former births you must have committed many crimes, otherwise I can not see why you should suffer in this dreadful manner. You have done nothing but works of merit in this birth. You must have injured some one's child in a former birth, and now yours is taken away from you."

If a person dies an untimely death, this is attributed to crimes committed in a former state of existence. A person who is born

blind is supposed to have destroyed the eyes of some one in a former birth. Of such an one the people will say: "Ah! no doubt that man was guilty in a former birth of such and such a crime, and now the consequences appear in his present state."

If persons are suddenly prosperous, frequently remarks are made about them as to their merits in a former birth. "He must," they say, "have performed acts of extraordinary merit in former births, or he could not have so suddenly risen to such a state of affluence."

When the Hindoos see animals used cruelly, especially cows, they exclaim: "Ah! how many sins must that creature have committed in a former birth!" When they see a dog riding with his master in a palanquin, they say: "True, thou art born a dog, but some good works have made thy fate tolerable."

NUMBER XXXIX.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: The Hindoos frequently consult astrologers, or persons who profess to tell them what will happen hereafter from the appearances and situation of the stars. Of these astrologers they ask such questions as the following: "Will an article which has been bought for sale produce profit or not?" "Will a lawsuit be decided in a person's favor or not?" "Will a person be prosperous or not in a new house which he is building?" "Will a person's death happen in a holy place or not?" "Will a person have a long or short life?" etc.

This country also has its witches, whose supposed power is much dreaded. They generally are old women. Amongst other things, it is said that while sitting near another they are able, imperceptibly, to draw the blood out of his body, and by a look to make a person

mad. If a witch shakes her hair in a field at night, it is said that a number of witches immediately assemble and dance, and play, and skip about as long as they choose, and that if any one comes within the magic circle he is sure to fall a victim to their power. When a person falls suddenly sick, or is seized with some new disorder, they impute their illness to witchcraft.

The Hindoos have the strongest faith in enchantments or incantations. There is one incantation which, it is said, empowers an arrow shot into a tree to make it wither immediately. Many women wear written incantations, in order to obtain particular blessings. They wear these charms on their arms, or around their necks, or in their hair, inclosed in small gold or brass boxes. Incantations are repeated when the people retire to rest; when they rise up; when they set their feet on the ground; when they clean their teeth; when they eat; when it thunders; when their heads ache; when they put on new clothes; when they want to kill or injure a supposed enemy; when they wish to cure the scab in sheep. If diseases are not cured by incantations, and the

person dies, they say that the words of the incantation were pronounced incorrectly, or a word was left out.

Men who keep snakes and exhibit them to the public, pretend, by incantation, to destroy the power of poison, after they have permitted them to bite them. Notwithstanding these incantations, however, sometimes the virus spreads through their veins, and the poor creatures, writhing in agony, are hurried into eternity.

After having read the contents of the above, and many of my preceding pages, perhaps you are ready to exclaim, Is it possible that the Hindoos can be guilty of such folly as to believe what has been stated? But their folly, my dear children, will scarcely bear a comparison with yours, so long as you withhold your affections from Christ. You are lost in astonishment at their folly. How must all holy beings be lost in astonishment at yours! Especially what must be the feelings of the angelic host when they see you as totally regardless of the Saviour as if he had never come into this world on the errand of mercy—as totally neglectful of securing an interest in

him as if there were no hell, no lake of fire and brimstone into which you are momentarily in danger of falling! And when those holy beings also see the efforts which, from time to time, are put forth for your salvation; but which are put forth in vain—especially when they see the ministers of the Gospel running, as it were, between you and the awful abyss which is before you, and hear how earnestly they entreat you not to destroy yourselves, but entreat you to no purpose; to what a height must their wonder and astonishment rise! And if you, over whom so many even of the tears of the Redeemer have been shed, should eventually be lost, how mysterious will your conduct appear to yourselves! When the prison of despair shall have closed its doors upon you, and when an eternity will be given to you for reflection, with what horror will you look back upon the maddening course which you pursued while in this world! How overwhelmingly awful will the thought be, that you waded down to destruction, as it were, through the very blood of the Son of God! Ah! it is this thought—the thought that you dipped your feet in the blood of the

Lamb, which will then tear the caul of your heart in pieces, and it is this thought which will for ever be furnishing new food to the worm which dieth not, and which will be adding fresh fuel to the fire which is never to be quenched. Alas! alas! that it should be so. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

The Son of God in tears! What a sight! Oh! methinks that if any thing could melt your hearts, it would be such a sight as this. But even this makes no impression. Alas! what is man without the influences of the Holy Spirit?

N U M B E R X L .

MY DEAR CHILDREN : The Hindoos have many law-books. Let me give you some quotations from one or more of them : If a man speak reproachfully of a magistrate, the latter is to cut out his tongue and banish him. A Brahmin, whatever his crime may be, is not to be put to death. The fines and punishments for the high-caste natives are much less than for persons of low caste, the Brahmin being lightly dealt with, while the Sudra must suffer heavily for the slightest offense against a Brahmin. This the following quotations will show : If a man deprive another of life, he shall suffer death ; but if a Brahmin does this, he shall be fined. For striking a Brahmin, a Sudra's hand is to be cut off ; for speaking against him, his tongue is to be cut out ; for spitting upon him, his lips are to be cut off. A man of high caste may strike one

of low caste, if he offends him, without being exposed to punishment.

For killing a goat, a horse, or a camel, it is directed that one hand and one foot of the offender shall be cut off. If a person show a disposition to sell by false weights, or use deceit in selling his goods, his ear, nose, and hand must be cut off. False coiners must have the hand, the nose, and the teeth broken. The house-breaker must have both of his hands cut off, and be otherwise punished. The highway robber is to be strangled. The stealer of a man of high caste is to be roasted alive; of a woman of middling caste, to have both his hands and feet cut off, and to be cast out into a highway where four roads meet; of a man of low caste, he is to be fined. The stealer of an elephant or a horse, in time of war, is to be put to death; if in time of peace, a hand and a foot must be cut off. For stealing a goat or a sheep, a hand is to be cut off. For stealing a weasel or cat, half of the foot is to be cut off. A thief, when caught in breaking through an inclosure, is, for the first offense, to have a finger cut off; for the second, his hand and foot; for the third, he is

to be put to death. For stealing flowers, fruit, wood, or grass, from a Brahmin, the hand is to be cut off. A Brahmin, for committing a robbery, if he has been accustomed to offer a burnt sacrifice daily, is to have his head shaved, which is equivalent to the loss of caste. If a man sets fire to a granary, he must be burnt alive. Should a Brahmin eat garlic or onions, he is to be banished from his country. If a Sudra, or low-caste man, read the Vedas, or Sacred Scriptures, he must have boiling oil poured into his throat; if he hears them read, he must have it poured into his ears; if he commits them to memory, he is to be put to death.

If a man causes a Brahmin to drink wine, he is to be put to death. A woman who murders her husband or child, must have her ears, nose, hands, and lips cut off, and must then be devoured by dogs.

A bad wife is to be made a slave or a cook to some idol. A woman is not allowed to go out of the house without the consent of her husband. She must not talk with a stranger, nor laugh without a veil over her face. She must not swallow any thing but medicine till

she shall have served others. She must not go to the house of a stranger, nor stand at the door, nor look out at the window. She may give her body to be burnt with the corpse of her husband.

I have now given you a specimen of Hindoo law. May I not remind you, my dear children, of a law of a much more awful nature than any to which I have now been directing your attention? I allude to the law which was given on Sinai's mount—a law by which you are condemned to be cast into a burning, fiery furnace, there to be tormented day and night for ever. But, though thus condemned, there is a Friend through whose merits and intercession you may be pardoned. And who is this Friend? Jesus. And do not your very hearts leap for joy that you have such a Friend? And if you have hitherto slighted this your best Friend, will you slight him any more! Forbid it, ye great drops of blood which flowed down from the hands, and feet, and side of the Redeemer! But perhaps you will continue to slight him. Perhaps you will think it well to put off the consideration of this momentous subject to a

more convenient time. If such a thought is passing through your minds, cast it out at once. Oh! cast it out, I entreat you. No more harbor it for a moment than you would harbor the deadly adder in your bosoms. Remember that a more convenient season may never arrive. You may, for aught you know, die *to-day*. But even should you live for many years to come, you have no reason to believe that you will have as convenient a season as at present. Your hearts will grow harder and harder, and of course you will find it more and more difficult to give up all for the Saviour. Look at the aged. Are they more ready to seek Him, after having spent fifty or sixty years in sin, than they were when young? The reverse is, in general, the case. Besides, you do not know that God will continue to hold out any encouragement for you to come to him after this *very moment*. "My Spirit," he declares, "shall not always strive with man." Many are the sad monuments of his desertion. Let me give an instance for your warning:

"I was once called," says a venerable clergyman, "to visit a young lady who was said to

be in despair. She had, at some time previous, been serious, and had, as it was hoped, resolutely set her face Zionward. In an evil hour some of her associates, gay, pleasure-loving young ladies, called on her to accompany them to a ball. She refused to go. The occasion, the company, the parade, and gayety were all utterly dissonant with her present feelings. With characteristic levity and thoughtlessness, they urged her, ridiculed her Methodism, railed at the cant and hypocrisy of her spiritual guides, and finally so far prevailed that, with a desperate effort to shake off her convictions, and regain her former carnal security, she exclaimed: '*Well, I will go if I am damned for it!*' God took her at her word. The blessed Spirit immediately withdrew his influences, and instead of the anxious sigh and longing desire to be freed from the body of sin and of death, succeeded by turns the calmness and horrors of despair. The wretched victim knew that the Spirit had taken his final leave. No compunction for sin, no tears of penitence, no inquiries after God, no eager seeking of the place where Christians love to meet now occupied the tedious hours. Instead

of the bloom and freshness of health there came the paleness and haggardness of decay. The wan and sunken cheek, the ghastly, glaring eye, the emaciated limb—the sure precursors of approaching dissolution—were there. The caresses of friends, the suggestions of affection all were unheeded. The consolations of piety—the last resource of the miserable—were to her but the bitterness of death. In this state of mind I was called to visit her. When I entered the room where she was, and beheld her, pale and emaciated, and reflected that the ravages of her form *without* but faintly shadowed forth the wreck and desolation within, I was almost overpowered. Never had I conceived so vivid an idea of the woe and misery of those who had ‘quenched the Spirit.’ I proposed prayer. The word threw her into an agony. She utterly refused. No entreaties of friends, no arguments drawn from the love of God—from the fullness and freeness of atoning blood—could prevail to shake her resolution. I left her without having been able to find a single avenue to her heart, or to dart one ray of comfort into that dark bosom which, to all human view, was soon to be en-

veloped in the blackness of darkness for ever. Never shall I forget the dreadful expression of that ghastly countenance, the tones of that despairing voice. The impression is as vivid as though it had been but yesterday. Oh! that all the young, gay, thoughtless ones who stifle the convictions of conscience and repress the rising sigh; who dance along on the brink of utter reprobation and despair, would read and lay to heart the warning which the last hours and death of this young lady are calculated so forcibly to give."

N U M B E R X L I .

MY DEAR CHILDREN: AS I have spoken of the law-books of the Hindoos, it may be well to say a word or two relative to their medical department. The country abounds with physicians, and the books which treat of medicine are numerous. Many of the valuable medicines, such as camphor, musk, etc., are used by Hindoo physicians, and some compounds are made which I think that you would not be much disposed to swallow. Take, for instance, a medicine prepared from the poison of the cobra capella. It is thus described: Having seized one of these snakes and extracted the poison to the amount of half a tola, mix and boil it in forty pounds of milk and a quantity of curds, and let it remain thus for two days, after which it must be churned into butter. Next, boiling the butter, mix it with nutmegs. mace, cloves. and the

roots of several trees. After they have been well boiled together, pound the whole very small, mix it with water and make it up into pills as small as mustard-seeds. When a person is apparently in dying circumstances this medicine is administered, mixed in cocoa-nut-water. First, the patient must take a single pill; and if there be no apparent relief, a second may be given. A medicine of the same poison is prepared as follows: The snake is to be seized and a string tied round its neck till the mouth opens, after which some nutmegs, cloves, mace, and other spices must be thrown into its mouth, which is then to be closed again and the snake placed in an earthen pan and covered up closely. The pan is next to be placed on the fire and kept there till the poison is completely absorbed in the spices, which are then to be taken out of the mouth and dried; and after the experiment of their efficacy on some animal, are to be pounded and given to the patient as snuff or in small pills.

These poisons are administered when all other remedies fail, and when there is but little hope of recovery. The most extraordi-

nary cures, it is said, have been effected by them.

But I have said enough on this subject, and would observe that the Hindoos do not depend altogether on their physicians or medicine for the cure of their diseases. They repeat the names of their gods, offer certain leaves to Vishnoo, repeat many charms, or wear them after they have been written on the bark of a tree and inclosed in small cases of copper, silver, gold, etc.

I have spoken above of the cobra capella. This is not the most poisonous snake which we have in India. The bite of the beaver-snake is much more venomous. It is said that it proves fatal in half a minute.

When we look at the various evils to which we are exposed in this world, how much have we to remind us of sin, that poison which has diffused itself through our whole hearts, and which, unless counteracted, will prove to be as destructive to our souls as is the virus of the cobra capella or beaver-snake to our bodies! For the bite of these snakes there is often, at least, no remedy. But, blessed be God, there is a remedy for the poison of sin,

and this remedy, as you have often heard, my dear children, is the blood, the precious blood of Jesus. Of this you must make use or you must perish. And have you made use of it? Perhaps some of you have done so. Many of you, however, I fear, have not. And is this the case? Are your sins not washed away by the blood of the Lamb? Then how awful is your situation! You are liable, every moment, to perish. Perhaps you will perish; and I have no reason to think otherwise, if I am to judge from your present conduct. In a number of my past letters I have set before you life and death—I have told you of the love of a dying and risen Saviour—I have told you that you must come to him or perish; but no impression has been made on your minds. And what reason have I to suppose that what I am now saying will do you any good? Perhaps I shall be the means of your greater condemnation in the world to come—in the world of woe. Alas! alas! how dreadful will it be if such should be the case! Peradventure, however, that you may yet obtain eternal life; let me again direct your attention to the Saviour. He is still knock-

ing at the doors of your hearts, and pleading with you to open them, that he may come in to you—that you may sup with him and he with you.

Behold a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
He's waited long, is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

O lovely attitude ! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands.
O matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

But will He prove a friend indeed ?
He will, the very friend you need ;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Before I conclude, will you allow me, my dear children, to beg one thing of you ? This is, *that you will commit the above hymn to memory.*

NUMBER XLII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Proverbial sayings are common in the English language. It is common to say of a person, He is as strong as a lion—he is as cunning as a fox. If we see a little child with very red cheeks, we say that his cheeks are like roses. The Hindoos have many proverbial sayings. Let me mention a few of them. “What beautiful hair!” they will say. “It hangs down like a skein of silk; it is black as darkness itself, shining as oil.” The eyes are compared to those of a deer—to a water-lily. The face is compared to the moon; the teeth to the seeds of a pomegranate, to pepper-corns, to a row of pearls. A woman walks elegantly when her gait is like that of a goose or an elephant. When a beautiful child is seen sitting on the knee of its mother, they say: “Ah! see that water-lily bud.” An infant of a very dark complexion is called a young

crow. A woman of a wicked disposition is compared to the edge of a razor. An ugly and filthy woman is called a will-o'-the-wisp. The head of a woman with rough hair is compared to the crow's nest; a scold to the tempest, or to a shower of bullets.

When an ugly man is married to a beautiful female, they say: "Ah! they have given the moon to be devoured by the dragon—the ripe mango to the crow." A person's hair, when tied up like a pigtail, is compared to the tail of a lizard. A cruel person is compared to the executioner; a hypocrite to the sly paddy-bird watching its prey; a cunning person to the jackal. Selfish persons are compared to the crows, which, though they eat every kind of flesh, will not permit other birds to devour that of the crow. A mischievous person is compared to the saw with which the ornament-makers cut their shells, and which cuts ascending and descending. Hope in a faithless person is like a bag of sand. When a person possessed of many faults exposes the faults of another, the Hindoos say they are like the sieve blaming the needle for having a hole in

it, or like a musk-rat's charging a common rat with giving out an offensive smell.

When a person wishes to make a strong contrast between two things, he says: "These things are no more alike than the lion and the jackal, than the sun and the fire-fly, than the elephant and the fly."

A person who can leap to a great distance is compared to the deer; he who limps, to the frog; a man who can run swiftly, to the wind, to an arrow.

When a handsome, wise, and well-dressed person is seen sitting in company, one spectator says to another: "He looks like one of the gods." A very rich and fortunate person is called Indree, the king of the gods; and they add that his fame spreads a light like that of the moon, and that it is as fragrant as the sweetest spices. He who protects orphans with a fatherly care is said to cover them with his wings.

When two or three persons, sitting together, make a great noise, they say the market is begun. A person who troubles another by incessant applications is compared to a barking jackal following a tiger, or to a tick that lays

hold of the flesh and can not be torn away. A greedy person is compared to the leech. A person when engaged in a perplexing concern, says, I find no end to this unravelled thread. To a man surrounded with a large family, it is sometimes said: "You live in a market." When a friend who has long been absent is addressed, they say: "You are like the flowers of the young fig-tree, invisible." A person who secretly seeks to injure another is said to act like the snake which enters the hole of a rat.

NUMBER XLIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: When I was in America, a few years ago, I preached to many thousands of children and young persons. The following is a quotation from a sermon which I preached while there: "I wish to say one word to you, my dear little girls especially, to make you thankful that you were born in a Christian land. In some parts of India little girls are put to death immediately after they are born. There is a sect called the Jaters, who make it a point to murder most of their female infants. Among the Nairs in Mulwa, in Oude, and the northern provinces, it is impossible to calculate how many female infants have been put to death. A gentleman of the Bengal service was sent by the government through the northern and independent kingdoms to find out the number. In the provinces through which he passed, the principal

chiefs acknowledged that they had murdered many of their own children, and that they knew their neighbors had destroyed many of theirs, and that this rite was rooted in the affections of the people. In one village there were fifty-one boys, but only fourteen girls. In a second, sixty boys, and only fourteen girls. In a third, seventy-nine boys, and only twelve girls. In a fourth, ten boys, and only two girls. In a fifth, fifty-eight boys, and only four girls. In a sixth, twenty-two boys, and no girls.

“I must tell you a story which will make you feel very sorry for the little girls of India. Some time ago the wife of a Rajah, or king, had a little daughter. The father ordered it to be put to death immediately after it was born. Had it been a son he would have taken great care of it. A second, a third, a fourth, a fifth little daughter was born. All of them were murdered by the command of the father. After the sixth little daughter was born the mother’s heart yearned over it. ‘I can not part with it,’ said she. ‘I will have it taken away and hid, so that the King may know nothing about it.’ He thought that it had been

put to death like the rest. The poor mother never dared to send for her little girl. She never saw her again, but died some time after.

“Many of the little girls of India are very pretty. They have dark eyes, and sweet, expressive countenances. This little child grew up a very beautiful girl; and when she was eleven years old some of her relatives ventured to bring her to her father. They thought that he would be struck with the sight of his sweet child, and that he would love her for the sake of the mother who had died. The little girl fell at his feet and clasped his knees, and looked up in his face and said, ‘My father.’ And what do you think the father did? Do you think that he took her up in his arms and kissed her? No; he seized her by the hair of the head, and drew his sword from its belt, and with a single blow took off her head.”

NUMBER XLIV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: The Hindoos are a very deceitful people. Let me give you an instance of their deception: A late head-catechist of one of my missionary brethren was, before his conversion, the priest of a temple. A man, from whom about one thousand rupees' worth of jewels and similar things had been stolen, came to this priest and promised to reward him well if he would detect the thief and secure to him the restoration of his property. The priest promised to comply with his wishes, and in order to effect his purpose he had drums beaten through the village, and proclaimed that at a certain time he would hold a meeting and detect the thief. At the appointed time a large number of people assembled, the priest appearing in the midst of them with a cocoa-nut bound round with saffron cords. He then told them that if, after putting down the cocoa

nut, it should move of its own accord towards him, they might know that he would be able, certainly, to detect the thief; and added that, after it had thus moved, it would pursue the offender, and follow him until it would break his head. He then performed certain ceremonies calculated to awaken superstitious feelings in the minds of the people, and laid down the cocoa-nut at a little distance from him. To the great amazement of all present, it began to move towards the priest, and continued to move until it reached his feet. This being done, he told the people that they might conclude from what they had seen that the cocoa-nut would follow the thief until it would break his head. He consented, however, to give him a little grace—to spare his life until the next day; adding his advice, that the thief, whoever he might be, had better come to him privately and tell him where the property was. In the dead of the night a tap was heard at the door of the priest; the thief presented himself, and delivered up the property. The priest rewarded the thief for his promptness, and received a present from the owner of the property. After this man was convert-

ed, he was asked how he contrived to make the cocoa-nut move towards him. "Why, sir," said he, "if you will carefully divide a cocoa-nut, scoop out the kernel from one half of it, inclose a strong and lively rat, put the parts of the cocoa-nut together, and bind the whole with saffron cords to prevent the crack being seen, and then place it on a declivity previously prepared; it is clear, that if you place yourself at the foot of this declivity, the rat will twirl the cocoa-nut and cause it to descend until it reaches your feet."

Let me mention another instance of the deception of the Hindoos: A man was employed by a king to make an image of gold for him. A room was set apart to which he daily resorted to carry on his work. Of course he was carefully watched when going in and coming out, that he should not take in any of the inferior metals to mix with the gold, and that he should not bring out any of the gold with him. Every night, after going home, he would make just as much of an image of brass, as he made of the image of gold during the day. In due time both images were completed. His object in making the image of brass was, of course,

to change it for the image of gold, and his purposes were effected in the following manner: He represented to the king that, as he had made the idol for him, he should have the honor of giving it its first bathing. The king assented to his proposal. Accordingly, the goldsmith went down to the river, and, carrying it out to a particular spot, where he had previously deposited his brass image, he proceeded to bathe it, and while thus bathing it he let it sink to the bottom. He then took up his brass image and bore it away to the king. Of course, in due time he returned to the river and secured the gold image for himself. The fraud, I believe, was not discovered until some time afterwards.

NUMBER XLV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I must give you a few more quotations from the sermon to which I alluded in one of my recent letters. The Thugs, or Phansiagars, are a lawless race of the Hindoos, who obtain their living by murder. To Karle they ascribe their origin, their laws, and their observances. They say that the goddess plucked one of the fangs from her celestial jaw, and gave it to them, saying that they might use it as a pickaxe, which would never wear out. She then opened her side and pulled out one of her ribs, which she gave them for a knife, whose edge nothing could blunt. Having done this, she stooped down, tore off the hem of her garment, and gave it to them for a noose, which would never fail to strangle every person about whose throat it should be cast. Thus you see that their religion sanctions the blackest of crimes.

These Thugs, or Phansiagars, are scattered

all over India, and murder immense numbers of people, by casting the noose, of which I just told you, over their heads, and strangling them. This they do for the purpose of getting their money. When they rob, they always commit murder. Sometimes a gang consists of sixty or seventy persons. Those whom they rob are travellers, whom they fall in with on the road. Not unfrequently, two or three of a gang will take up their station in a *choultry*, or rest-house, where the traveller stops to rest at night; and while he sleeps they rouse him, and cast the noose over his head, and strangle him. Generally, they attack single travellers. I have read, however, of one instance, where forty-two persons were destroyed by them at one time. If a dog accompanies those whom they strangle, they always destroy it, lest the faithful creature should lead to the discovery of the grave of his master. They think it a meritorious act to give a part of the plunder they obtain to their goddess. If they fail in putting a person to death in what they think is the proper manner, they think that they have committed an offense against her, and make an offering to appease her.

These people never destroy the very small children of those whom they murder. They take care of them, and bring them up to their dreadful profession. These children are placed under the care of tutors, in order that they may instruct them skillfully to murder their fellow-men. By these instructors the pupil is taught that it is just as proper to kill a man as it is to kill a snake which lies in his path, ready to bite him as he passes. He is not permitted at first to see the murders, but merely a dead body, his mind being gradually prepared for the sight. After this, the dreadful secret of his trade is, by degrees, told him. When he expresses a wish to be engaged in this horrid business, they tell him all about it. In the mean time he is allowed a small part of the plunder, in order that his desire to commit these murders may be increased, as it is only by murder that this plunder is obtained. He is allowed, from time to time, to assist in some things, while the murder is taking place, or allowed to be present to see how the business is managed. It is not, however, until he becomes a man that he is allowed to do the dreadful deed. To attain this privilege, and

to prepare himself for it, he usually devotes eight or ten years. Before he can commit a murder, his tutor must present him with a noose. This sets him loose upon the world as a licensed murderer.

Although these plunderers are usually men, women occasionally strangle people. They sometimes select a handsome girl, whom they place in the way by which the traveller goes, where, by her beauty, or by some false story of distress, she betrays him to almost certain death. Should he be on horseback, she will induce him to take her up behind him; after which, when an opportunity offers, she throws the noose over his head, leaps from the horse, drags him to the ground, and strangles him. Occasionally her purposes are defeated, as the following case will show: It happened that a horseman belonging to Coorg, in the Madras presidency, was passing by a spot where one of these interesting-looking girls was. She told him a piteous story of having been robbed and badly treated, and begged his help in her distress. He felt sorry for her, and offered to take her behind him on his horse, and thus assist her a few miles on her journey. She

mounted, and after having engaged the traveller in conversation, she suddenly passed the noose over his head, and, drawing it with all her might, endeavored to pull him from his saddle. At this moment a number of persons started from the thicket and surrounded him. Being a man of great strength, he defeated the designs of the robbers. The murderess then slipped from the horse; but the Coorg, sticking his heels into the horse's side, caused it to throw out its hind legs with great violence. The girl was stricken to the ground; she at the same time let go the cord. He then drew his sword, and, cutting his way through the robbers, effected his escape. He wounded two of them severely. These men were, shortly after, taken, and through their means twelve others fell into the hands of the judicial officers of the king of Coorg, including the girl who attempted the murder. They were all put to death.

I am happy to tell you that the British authorities have made the most vigorous efforts to root out these monsters in human shape, and have succeeded, to a good degree, at least, in breaking up their gangs.

NUMBER XLVI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : As the heathen have no Bible to direct them, they have devised various means by which they expect to obtain the favor of their gods and get to heaven. I will mention some of these.

Some burn a lamp in a temple. They think that this is a very meritorious act. Some roll on the ground after the god, as he is carried in a great car or chariot, around the temple. It is customary for the people to build these very high, and cover them with beautiful cloths. They also tie the cocoa-nut blossom and plaintain-tree within them, and attach great ropes to them. When they are ready to drag these cars or chariots, they bring their gods of gold or of brass from the temples and place them on them. Then one, two, three, six, nine hundred, and even a thousand persons, when the cars are very large, catch hold



HOOK-SWINGING.

of these ropes and drag them around the temple. While they are doing this, many of the heathen, to fulfill the vows which they made while in trouble, throw themselves on the ground, roll over from side to side, and frequently much injure themselves. Some swing on great hooks, which are passed through the tender parts of their back. Sometimes they swing for half an hour or an hour. It occasionally happens that the flesh in which the hooks are fastened gives way, in which case the poor creature is dashed to the ground. When this occurs, the people hold him in the greatest abhorrence. They judge him to be a great criminal, and suppose that he has met with a violent death in consequence of the sins which he committed in a former birth.

I have repeatedly been present at these hook-swingings. I will give you a description of one which occurred while I was in Madura. It took place on the 8th of June, 1848, just twenty-nine years after I first left America for India. It should have taken place on the preceding afternoon; but one of the axle-trees of the car which was to support the machine on which the man was to be ele-

vated in the air, was broken. Nothing of course could be done until it was repaired. The carpenters and others worked with great diligence until about eleven o'clock at night, when every thing was prepared for the swinging. I expected immediately after this to witness the ceremony. It, however, did not take place until the morning. While waiting for the man who was to be swung to make his appearance, I took a pencil and made a drawing of the machine to which he was to be fastened.

You have, perhaps, often seen a well-sweep. The long beam to which he was fastened was swung in the same manner as is the well-sweep, with a single exception. In addition to its usual motion, it was made to turn horizontally.

Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, the man who was to be swung made his appearance for a few moments, and then disappeared. The hooks by which he was to be swung, as well as the iron rods with which a number of devotees were immediately to pierce their sides, were carried through the streets, and held up, that they might be seen by the people. Soon afterwards the man appeared again with the hooks in his back, and went

up to the end of the beam to which he was to be fastened. This, of course, was lowered. Notwithstanding the dense multitudes of people, I made my way to the same spot, determined to be satisfied whether or not there was any deception in the application of the hooks. There was no deception. They passed through the skin, on the sides of the backbone. To these hooks were attached yellow ropes, by which he was fastened to the beam. This being done, the men, five or six in number, who had hold of the ropes fastened to the end of the beam which rested on the ground, and which, of course, was then high in the air, drew him up until the beam lay horizontally. Then, after making him perform one circular motion around the car, they elevated him to the highest possible extent. When thus elevated, it was thought that he was forty feet from the ground. All being ready, the people seized the ropes in front of the car and began to draw it. Mr. Chandler, who was with me, accompanied it with myself through the streets, until it came to the place from which it set out. The distance of ground passed over was about half a mile, And the time in

which the journey was accomplished exceeded an hour. Of course he was swinging more than an hour. As the car passed through the streets, the people threw plaintains from the tops of the houses to the crowds below.

The man who was swung was adorned with flowers and other ornaments. He had a tinselled turban on his head. His body was rubbed over with a yellow paste, made most probably from the sandal-wood. Around his ancles were rings hung with little bells, which he made to tinkle as he was swinging, by striking his legs together. He held a handkerchief in one hand, and a knife somewhat resembling a dagger in the other. These he kept in constant motion by moving his arms.

After following the car for a quarter of a mile or more, we went before it and witnessed another appalling sight. There were five or six men who had the rods of iron of which I just made mention, passed through the skin of their sides. They were dancing along, and as they danced, they made these rods go backward and forward through the skin.

After the car had reached the place from which it set out, the end of the beam from

which the man was swinging was then lowered and he was untied. Again I looked very carefully at the hooks in the back. The people say that no blood is shed by their introduction, and consider this to be a miracle. The falsity of this assertion was shown by the blood which I saw on the side of one of the wounds.

I have long been in this country, and consequently have become so familiarized with heathenism, that my feelings, though deeply wounded at this sight, were not so keenly affected as were those of my new associate, Mr. Chandler. He had been on heathen ground but a short time. When they tied the man to the beam, he was unnerved, and well-nigh overcome; and he told me that during all the time he was following the car, he felt like shedding tears.

While following the car, the young men of America came into my mind. They refuse to come, said I to myself, to help these miserable creatures. Oh! they will not come, they will not come! I thought that if many of the dear children of that land—children to whom I had lately preached, as well as others, could

witness this poor creature swinging from the end of a long beam far above the tops of the trees, and that too by hooks passing through the tender parts of his back, they would say, we will, by and by, become missionaries, and with the help of God, proclaim to the heathen that there is a Saviour.

NUMBER XLVII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: On the evening of the day on which the hook-swinging, of which I gave you a description in my last letter, takes place, another act of cruelty of a very horrid nature is sometimes practised. Devotees throw themselves from a high wall, or a scaffold of twenty or thirty feet in height, upon a bed of iron spikes, or on bags of straw with knives in them. Many are often mangled and torn, others are quickly killed. Many of the devotees sit down in the open air and pierce the skin of their foreheads, by inserting a small iron rod. To this is suspended a lamp, which is kept burning till day-light. Sometimes bundles of thorns are collected before the temple, among which the devotees roll themselves without any covering. These thorns are then set on fire, when they briskly dance over the flames.

Other devotees swing before a slow fire; some stand between two fires. Some have their breast, arms, and other parts stuck entirely full of pins, about the thickness of small nails, or packing-needles. Another very cruel torture is practised. Some devotees make a vow. With one hand they cover their under-lip with wet earth or mud. On this, with the other hand, they place some small grains, usually of mustard-seed. They then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dews of the night and the blazing and scorching sun by day. Their vow is, that from this position they will not stir, that they will not move nor turn, nor eat nor drink, till the seeds planted on their lips begin to sprout. This usually takes place on the third or fourth day. After this they arise, and of course think that they have done a very holy deed.

There is a class of devotees called Yogis, whose object it is to root out every human feeling. Some live in holes and caves. Some drag around a heavy chain attached to them. Some make the circuit of an empire creeping on their hands and knees. Some roll their

bodies from the shores of the Indus to the Ganges. The Rev. Mr. Heyer, in one of his letters from India, says that an Indian devotee has spent more than nine years on a journey from Benares to Cape Comorin, that is, (see your geography,) from the 27th to the 7th degree of north latitude. The whole journey is made by rolling on the bare ground from side to side. When he comes to a river, of course he can not roll over it. He therefore fords it, or passes over it in a boat, and then rolls on the banks of the river just as far as the river is wide. By doing this he supposes that his determination to roll all the way is virtually carried out.

Some devotees hold up one or both arms, until the muscles become rigid, and their limbs become shrivelled into stumps. Some stretch themselves on beds of iron spikes. Some wear great square irons on their necks. I have not merely seen the man, but the woman, with these irons around their necks, sometimes perhaps nearly two feet in length and two feet in breadth.

Other devotees throw themselves from the tops of precipices, and are dashed to pieces:

some bury themselves alive in holes which their own relatives have dug ; some bind themselves with ropes or chains to trees until they die : some keep gazing so long and so constantly at the heavens, that the muscles of their necks become contracted, and no aliment but liquids can pass into the stomach.

But I will not continue this subject. You perceive, my dear children, what a wretched religion that must be, which encourages its followers to perform such acts. And how vain are all these acts, how utterly destitute are they of any merit ! Those who practise them are not made better by them, and they are just as far from the kingdom of heaven after having performed them as they were before. The Christian religion encourages no such things. It tells us to perform no pilgrimages to holy places ; to inflict no self-tortures. But it has its requirements, and these are very simple, and with Divine aid, may be easily performed by all who are willing to do their duty. These requirements are, repentance, forsaking sin, faith in Christ, and a supreme devotedness to his service. You must have an experimental belief in Christ. “ If thou shalt

confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." And have you made such a confession, and have you such a belief? If not, you are in a worse condition than these poor hook-swingers and other devotees, who have not had your privileges. They are not as guilty before God as you are. They know not (as you do) their Master's will. Still they must perish unless the Gospel is sent to them. But their punishment will not be as great as yours, if you shall, at last, be found among the lost. It would be far better for you to go down to hell enveloped in all the darkness of a heathen land, than to go down to hell from a land of gospel light.

NUMBER XLVIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: It is related of Dr. Doddridge that on one occasion he interested himself in behalf of a condemned criminal, and at length succeeded in obtaining his pardon. On entering the cell of the condemned man and announcing to him the joyful intelligence, he prostrated himself at the Doctor's feet, and with streaming eyes, exclaimed: "O sir! every drop of my blood thanks you; for you have had mercy upon every drop of it. Wherever you go, I will be yours."

And are such the feelings which were exercised by this criminal towards one of his fellow-men for a temporal blessing conferred upon him, for obtaining a short prolongation of his forfeited life? Then what should be your feelings, my dear children, towards the adorable Redeemer, who has obtained eternal

life for you—yes, for you, if you will accept of it? Especially should your gratitude be great, when you remember the different circumstances under which the blessings were conferred. It cost Dr. Doddridge little or no suffering to obtain the pardon of the condemned criminal for whom he interested himself; but to obtain your pardon, to deliver you from going down to the fire which is never quenched, Christ had to come down from heaven, and suffer and die for you. He was crowned with thorns that you might be crowned kings in his Father's dominions. He was condemned at the bar here, that you might not be condemned at the tribunal of the last day. He was nailed through his hands and his feet, and died on the cross that you might not die for ever. Oh! was there ever such love as this? And if the poor criminal of whom I have been making mention, could say with streaming tears, "O sir! every drop of my blood thanks you; for you have had mercy upon every drop of it," how much more should you, with tears of the bitterest sorrow, exclaim: "O my Saviour! every drop of my blood thanks thee; for thou hast had mercy

on every drop of it!" Oh! what ungrateful, wicked children will you continue to be, if you do not give up your hearts to Christ, and love him above every thing else in the universe! And how great will be your misery if you do not thus love him. So long as the criminal was unpardoned, so long was he most wretched; and so long as you are unpardoned, so long as the God who made you is against you, so long as you are momentarily in danger of being cast into hell-fire, how can you be happy? I just remarked that the criminal who was pardoned expressed much thankfulness for what Dr. Doddridge had done for him. But let me make a supposition. Let me suppose that he had expressed no thankfulness at all, would you not almost involuntarily have exclaimed: "What an ungrateful wretch!" You, my dear children, have been told that you are under sentence of eternal death, but that Christ has shed his very blood to procure your pardon, and save you from so awful a doom; and if you will not from this moment begin to thank him for such kindness, might I not well exclaim of each of you, What a wretch, to treat your Saviour so? Could I

use any milder language to express the enormity of your guilt?

Let me make another supposition. Suppose that when the news of pardon was brought to the criminal above alluded to, he had treated it with lightness and contempt. Suppose that he had addressed the excellent man who brought it in an uncourteous manner, telling him that it was quite unnecessary for him to interfere in a business which did not concern him, and that he had much better have left him to be dealt with as the law required—would you not have pronounced him mad? And can you be absolved from the charge of being mad, when your conduct towards Christ is a thousand-fold more to be condemned than would have been the conduct of the criminal, if he had acted in the manner above described?

My dear children, heaven, earth, and hell, all call upon you, this day, to forsake your sins and give your hearts to Christ. And will you be so mad as to turn a deaf ear to this call? Will you even take another sip from the cup of unhallowed pleasure? Will you ever direct your little feet to the ball-room, or other places

of sinful amusement? Will you hereafter prefer your worldly joys to Christ? Then you must be lost. You can not go to heaven at last, as a little boy, who formerly belonged to one of my schools in Ceylon, as I hope did. I must tell you a little about him. After he had attended my preaching for some time, he begged me to admit him to the church. As he was quite young, not eleven years old, I was afraid to receive him. This feeling perhaps was wrong. He never joined the Church on earth. He has, however, as I hope, gone to join the Church in heaven. When he was about eleven years of age, he was attacked with the cholera, and died. In this country, when children are very ill, the father or mother will catch up a cocoa-nut or a few plantains, and run off to the temple, and say: "Now, Swammie, if you will cure my little boy or little girl, I will give you this cocoa-nut or these plantains." The mother of this little boy saw that he was very ill, and she told him that she wished to go and make offerings to one of her idols, in order that he might get well. But he requested her not to do so. "I do not worship idols," said he; "I worship

Christ my Saviour. If he is pleased to spare me a little longer in the world, it will be well. If not, I shall go to him." The last words he uttered were: "I am going to Christ, the Lord." Here was a little boy who went, as I hope, to heaven from a *heathen* land. Perhaps you will go to hell from a *Christian* land.

NUMBER XLIX.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: After my return from America in 1837, I went to Madura, and remained there for about two years. Large numbers of people flocked to me to be healed of their temporal maladies, among whom was a woman with a cancer in her breast. I took it out for her. Before she was brought to me, her brother went to the temple of the goddess Meenaache, in Teruppoovanum, to ascertain, as he thought, what was her will respecting his bringing her to me, or taking her to a native doctor. In order to ascertain it, he had recourse to the following expedient: He prepared several bundles of red and white flowers—the red to represent the red or tamil man; the white to represent the white man. These flowers were carefully inclosed in leaves, so as to prevent their color being seen, and then laid down on the ground at the entrance

of the temple. After this, he called a little child to him, and then proceeded to entreat Meenaache that if it were her will that he should bring the sick woman to me, she would direct the child to take up one of the parcels containing the white flowers. It so happened that the child took up one of these parcels. Of course they brought her to me. Had it taken up one of the parcels containing the red flowers, she would have been taken to a native doctor.

Thus you see, my dear children, what a firm belief this people have in their idol-gods. They are taken captive by the devil at his will. They grope the dark road to death with every light extinguished upon their paths, and at last perish for ever. Whether this poor woman of whom I have been making mention will perish or not, is, of course, unknown to me. She heard of the Saviour while under my care, and she even went so far as to confess with her mouth that Jesus Christ is the Saviour. It may be that heaven will be her final resting-place. If so, and if you should at last perish, she will rise up in judgment and condemn you.

But let me not for a moment think that you will perish. How can you perish in sight of the prize which is set before you? How can you perish after all that Christ has done to save souls? Oh! I entreat you, my dear children, that you will not perish. It will not do for you to perish. Father, I entreat thee, for Jesus' sake, that these dear children may not perish. I will now stop writing and go away alone and pray for you, that you may not perish. I have been away, and on my knees plead with God for you. Whether or not these prayers will also rise up in judgment against you, I know not. I was almost ready to say, that I shall weep throughout eternity if they do.

NUMBER L.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I must tell you something about the way in which the people of India travel. The great mass of them travel on foot. Many travel in carriages of different kinds, and in common carts. Others travel in palanquins. You may have a very good idea of a palanquin, by supposing that there is a long box before you, with doors, instead of boards, in part for its sides—a box six feet two or three inches long—four feet high and three feet wide, with a pole, about four feet long at each end, and with four legs. These palanquins are carried by four or six coolies. In the cities four are enough. When long journeys are to be performed twelve are required, six of whom carry it at one time. They must have twelve, that six may rest, if I may so call it, while the others are bearing the heavy burden. The six who are not

engaged in carrying it run along, sometimes in front, sometimes behind the palanquin. These coolies will, on good roads, travel at the rate of four miles an hour, and perform a journey of thirty miles, night after night. They generally travel at night, on account of its coolness. They can travel fifty miles at one time, but they could not do this in successive nights.

When persons wish to travel quickly, they can always, by application to the government authorities, have posted bearers; that is, if they apply for them three or four days before they wish to set out on their journey. These are stationed, for the time being, at the distance of about twenty miles of each other. With these posted bearers, a person may travel nearly one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

When travelling, the palanquin-bearers usually cry out Ho, Ho, Who, Who. Sometimes, when they suppose the person whom they are carrying to be ignorant of their language, their cry has reference to his size and weight, as the following translation is an illustration :

Oh! what a heavy bag!—Ho, ho!
 Sure it is an elephant—Ho, ho!
 He is an ample weight—Ho, ho!
 Let's let his palkee down—Ho, ho!
 Let's set him in the mud—Ho, ho!
 Let's leave him to his fate—Ho, ho!
 No, but he'll be angry then—Ho, ho!
 Ay, and he'll beat us then—Ho, ho!
 Then let us hasten on—Ho, ho!
 Jump along, jump along—Ho, ho!

If a lady is the passenger, such expressions as these may be heard :

She's not heavy—Patterum! (Take care)
 Carry her softly—Patterum!
 Nice little lady—Patterum!
 Here's a bridge—Patterum!
 Carry her carefully—Patterum!
 Carry her gently—Patterum!
 Sing along cheerily—Patterum!

When passing through the streets of a town they are accustomed to dignify the traveller with the noblest titles :

He's a great man!—Po, po! (Get out of the way.)
 He's a Rajah!—Po, po!
 She's a Ranee!—Po, po!

The reason being this, that their own import-

ance will be increased by an attendance on so noble a person.

When approaching home their theme is changed. The benevolence of the traveller is the burden of their song. They use expressions like these :

He's a charity man—Ho, ho !
He loves to do good—Ho, ho !
She's benevolent—Ho, ho !
She won't forget us—Ho, ho !

The object of which is to remind the person they are carrying that after a safe arrival at home a little extra pay will be very welcome.

Palanquin bearers are great cowards ; but they never refuse to travel to any part of the country, whether the road leads through jungles filled with tigers or elephants, or charged with the most fatal diseases. But should an elephant or tiger appear, they put down the palanquin and off they run, leaving the poor traveller to escape the best way he can.

N U M B E R L I .

MY DEAR CHILDREN: If you will read from the tenth to the nineteenth verse of the third chapter of Romans, you will have a good idea of the character of Hindoo females, both married and unmarried. I need hardly, therefore, add, that they are a most degraded as well as a most unhappy set of beings.

Let me be somewhat particular in my statement of their condition. In the first place, their quarrelling shows that they are most degraded as well as unhappy. Perhaps in no country is the quarrelling of females carried to such an extent as it is in India. Being held in the most deplorable ignorance and slavish subjection, they vent their furious passions against each other, and indulge in the most virulent and indecent railings.

Again: "Their throat is an open sepulchre, the poison of asps is under their lips." They

swear in the most terrible manner, sometimes laying down their children and stepping over them, uttering at the same time the most filthy and blasphemous expressions. Not only do they curse God, but they call down his curses on themselves and on their children. They will say as follows: "Make it known, O God! that the crime which my accusers ascribe to me is false; if otherwise, let thy temple go to ruin; let thy bowels burst, let thyself be destroyed, and let thy shrine be levelled to the dust. If this accusation is true, let this my child, here on the ground, die."

Again the Apostle says: "Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their way." In the province of Bengal alone, it has been supposed that one hundred and twenty thousand infants are yearly destroyed, before they have seen the light of day. While writing my letter to you on Infanticide, I was not aware of its prevalence in the Punjaub, a territory lately conquered by the British. By a late number of the *Friend of India*, it appears that it is practised there to a most frightful extent. Late in the year 1851, about two years ago, Major Lake

found that it prevailed among a certain class of people in his district. Since then, it has been found to prevail in Umballa, Ferozpoore, Jullundur, Hoosheapore, Lahore, Mooltan, Jhelum, and in the Leia districts; in fact, over a country as large as an European kingdom. It is not, however, practised by all the inhabitants, as it is said. It is confined principally to the Beedees and Rajpoots, among whom the custom is of immemorial antiquity. The Khetrees, however, and some of the Brahmins, and even several of the Mohammedan tribes, maintain the practice; and the higher the rank the more certain are the female branches of destruction. It is believed, also, by the most experienced officers, to have infected all classes in a greater or less degree. All over the Punjaub there is a disproportion in the number of female births not to be accounted for by ordinary causes, and in some districts the disproportion rises to a height which implies the extinction of the female race. This subject has within the past few months engaged the attention of Earl Dalhousie, our present Governor-General, and he will make the most strenuous exertions to put a stop to the dreadful evil.

Again: "The way of peace have they not known." As it is a common practice for husbands to beat their wives, their wives show their revengeful spirit in different ways. At one time, they flee to the temple of the goddess Karle, the goddess of vengeance, of whom I before told you, and entreat her to take vengeance on their husbands. I once witnessed this. When abused by their husbands, they sometimes wreak their vengeance upon their children, kicking them in a violent manner. Sometimes they starve themselves to death. Sometimes they destroy themselves, by cutting their throats, or by swallowing poison, or by throwing themselves into wells. Suicide is more common among women than men. A number of reasons have been assigned for this. I have already mentioned the first, namely, the ill-treatment which they receive from their husbands. Another is the belief that if they destroy themselves, they shall be changed into devils, and can take full vengeance upon those who have used them ill.

The education of females is systematically opposed, with the exception of those woman of ill-fame who are the priestesses of the temples,

and whose business it is to sing the most abominable and obscene songs within their temples. No females are taught to read. The following are some of the alleged objections to their education:

1. Females ought not to be educated; for if the many unlettered men were to have educated females for wives, they would not be subject to them.

2. Adultery is certainly to be expected from education given to females.

3. Custom is opposed to it.

4. Bread is not procurable by the education of females.

5. Education is not required to teach a female how to perform her duties, as it has nothing to do with cookery.

6. If a woman be educated, she will become a widow, or some other misfortune will follow.

7. A wife is married to a Hindoo, not for the purpose of sitting down and conversing with him on any subject, but that she may be the confidential servant in domestic drudgery.

Manu, the greatest of Indian philosophers and legislators, says: "Woman have no business

with the texts of the Veda or Sacred Books. Having therefore no evidence of law and no knowledge of expiatory texts, women must remain as foul as falsehood itself."

Again he says: "Infidelity, violence, deceit, envy, extreme avariciousness, a total want of good qualities, with impurity, are the innate faults of womankind."

Again he says: "Widows can never be married."

Under these circumstances, the poor unfortunate females of this heathen land groan at the birth of their daughters. They mourn over the unhappy destiny to which they must be subjected in after-life, and on this account spend many of their leisure hours afterwards in melancholy meditation. They are frequently heard to say that it would be better if their daughters were born mud or clay, which the potter shapes into cooking utensils, than to be destined to become the worst-treated slaves in the world.

Their marriages are often marriages neither of choice nor affection, and consequently are prolific sources of misery. Before a girl has reached her seventh or her tenth year, the



HINDOO KING BEHEADING HIS DAUGHTER.

parents are bound to give her in marriage. Both husbands and wives are often dissatisfied with the choice of the parents. The husband proves unfaithful to the wife, and she utters many curses against her parents, who married her to such a vicious and profligate husband.

The relation of a wife to her husband is too often that of a slave to a tyrant. She is at the mercy of his will. If she has no children, Manu says that she may be cast off by her husband, and another taken, in the eighth year. She whose children are all dead, may be cast off in the tenth. She who has daughters only, in the eleventh; and she who speaks unkindly may be cut off without delay.

I will mention a few of the laws which are binding on the part of the wife.

1. She must not sleep longer than her husband. She must be awake by the break of day, and be ready for his command.

2. She must prepare her husband's food, and wait for his coming home, before she can put any thing into her mouth. Though pressed with hunger, she can not eat until he has taken his food.

3. Though the husband cut the throat of his

wife, it is spoken of as the truest law for a chaste wife to remain as silent as a dead person.

4. At night she must not go to bed before her husband.

5. She, and so it is with all women, whether old or young, at the sight of a man, of whatever age he may be, must immediately rise, if she is sitting.

In all the wretchedness I have now been describing, the degraded females of India live, and they die like the beasts of the field. Oh! why is it that the Gospel, the only remedy for their miseries, has not long since been sent to them? Why is it that it is not sent to them *now*? Why is it that Christian females especially, do not, to a greater degree, pity their sex in India? Why is it that they do no more to send the Gospel to them? Why is it that no more of them go and bear this gospel in their own hands to these wretched, these miserable, these perishing creatures?

NUMBER LII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: AS I consider Burmah to be a part of India—India beyond the Ganges—I will say a word about it. It is a country filled with idols. Here the “Baptist General Convention for Foreign Missions” have one of the most interesting and flourishing missions in the world. The people of Burmah, as a general thing, are removed still farther from divine knowledge than the people of the land where I dwell. They are in reality atheists, or, in other words, people who do not believe in a Creator or Preserver of the world. But still they worship gods—gods who have become so by acts of religious merit. He whom they now worship is called Gaudama or Boodh. He is reputed to be the son of the king of Benares; and, if their history be correct, was born six hundred years before Christ. The Boodhists have many temples erected to

the honor of Boodh and his image. Before this image they present flowers, incense, rice, betel-nuts, etc. Like all idolatrous nations, the Burmese are very wicked. They do not respect their females as they should do. They treat them as an inferior order of beings. They often sell them.

A singular custom prevails in that country. It consists in paying a certain kind of homage to a white elephant. This elephant is sumptuously dressed and fed. It is provided with officers, like a second sovereign, and is made to receive presents from foreign ambassadors. It is next in rank to the king, and *superior* to the queen.

Burmah is the country in which Drs. Judson and Price, and Messrs. Hough and Wade, suffered so much during the war which England had with it many years ago. Messrs. Hough and Wade were the first to suffer. As the ships which were to make the attack upon Rangoon approached the city, they were seized and cast into prison. Their legs were bound together with ropes, and eight or ten Burmans, armed with spears and battle-axes, were placed over them as a guard. They

were afterwards put in irons. The next morning, as the fleet approached the city nearer and nearer, orders were sent to the guard, through the grates of their prison, that the instant the shipping should fire upon the town, they were to kill them, together with the other prisoners confined with them. The guard, on receiving these orders, began to sharpen the instruments with which they intended to kill them, and moved them about their heads, to show with how much skill and pleasure they would attend to their orders. Upon the floor where they intended to butcher them, a large quantity of sand was spread, to receive the blood. The gloom and silence of death reigned among the prisoners; the vast ocean of eternity seemed but a step before them. At length the fleet arrived, and the firing commenced. The first ball that was thrown into the town, passed with a tremendous noise directly over their heads. This so frightened the guard that they seemed unable to execute their murderous orders. They shrunk away into one corner of the prison, where they remained quiet, until a broadside from one of the ships made the prison shake and tremble

to its very foundation. This so alarmed them, that they broke open the doors of the prison and fled. The missionaries, with the other prisoners, were then left alone. Their danger, however, was not at an end; but as God had protected them thus far, he continued to protect them until they were set at liberty, and until they were allowed again to preach the Gospel to those perishing heathen. Drs. Judson and Price were also imprisoned and suffered much; but they, too, were preserved and delivered.

After the war was over, the missionaries were permitted to go everywhere, to proclaim the name of the Saviour, and their efforts have been very much blessed, especially among the Karens. It will be impossible for me to give you an account of their many labors, and of the many tokens which they have received of God's favor towards them. Thousands have been received into their churches. I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Granger, last month, in which he says: "We have now about one hundred and twenty churches, with native pastors, and the work is extending."

What an encouragement does God give to his

servants to labor among the heathen! What multitudes of immortal souls are there now in Burmah, and in the part of India where I dwell, who are on the way to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; but who, humanly speaking, must have been lost, had the churches in Christian lands not sent the Gospel to them! Are you doing any thing for the salvation of the heathen of India, my dear children, by your prayers and by your money? If not, then you have no part nor lot in the great work which is going on. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

NUMBER LIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: In my last letter, when speaking of Burmah, I mentioned that God had much blessed the labors of his missionary servants there. I must now tell you about a few bright spots in this part of India and of Ceylon. Through the blessing of God upon the prayers of his people in Christian lands, and upon the prayers and labors of his missionary servants, many of the heathen in these places have forsaken their idols and are now enlisted under the banner of Jehovah Jesus. In the Travancore and Tinnivelly districts, thousands, and even tens of thousands of the people have embraced Christianity. In hundreds of villages, where but a few years ago the name of Jesus had never been known, it is now known and adored.

You may often have heard of Ceylon. If you will look at the map of Hindostan, you

will find it close to that country. There Christianity has begun to take root. That island is more than two hundred miles long, and in some places quite wide. A large part of it is covered with jungle, (wilderness,) in which there are many wild beasts, such as elephants, bears, buffaloes, and wild hogs. In it also are men, women, and children, running wild, just like the beasts. These people are called Verders, or wild people. They wear scarcely any clothing. They have no houses. When it rains they creep into holes or go under overhanging rocks. Their beds consist of a few leaves. Sunk almost to the level of the brute, they live and die like their shaggy companions of the forest. Even upon these the Gospel has tried its power. More than fifty families have settled down, forming two pleasant and now Christian villages. They have schoolmasters and Christian teachers.

I must give you a description of two revivals of religion which occurred while I was in the island of Ceylon. Before those revivals commenced there was no particular manifestation of seriousness at any of our stations. It was in the month of October that we began

to feel the importance of laboring more and praying more for the conversion of perishing souls. A protracted meeting was spoken of, and it was determined that one should be held at our seminary in Batticotta—a seminary which was established for the purpose of raising up a native ministry. On the morning of the day in which the meeting was commenced, Mr. Spaulding and myself went to the station, to assist Mr. Poor, the Principal of the Seminary, in laboring with the students. In these labors we spent five days. No sooner had we begun our labors than a blessing from on high was experienced. The windows of heaven were opened and the Holy Ghost descended. This was evident from the spirit of prayer which was poured out upon the pious students of the seminary. They were heard, “a great while before day,” pleading in their social circles that God would have mercy upon their impenitent companions and bring them into the kingdom of his grace. We trust, also, that a spirit of prayer was given to those of us who took a prominent part in the meeting. At the termination of our exercises, with the exception of a few lads belong-

ing to a Tamil class, who had lately been admitted to the seminary, there was not, so far as I know, an individual connected with it who was not humbled at the foot of the cross, either to lie there until healed of his wounds, or to show if he perished that he must perish under circumstances of a very aggravated nature.

After we had finished our meeting at Batticotta we went to the female seminary at Oodooville, to hold similar meetings. Before we reached that station, the church-members there, after having heard of God's wonderful doings at Batticotta, became much aroused to pray for the influences of the Holy Spirit to descend upon the impenitent in their seminary also. Soon after we reached the station we held a meeting with the girls. Some of them were then deeply concerned for the salvation of their souls; but it was not until Wednesday afternoon that we knew how powerfully the Spirit of God had been at work. The meeting which we held with the seminarists at that time was one of the most solemn meetings which I ever attended. One of the girls said to her companions, in the

meeting: "My sisters, I have been a proud one among you. I hope that if you ever see me proud again, you will tell me of it. I used to tell the missionaries that I had given myself to the Saviour; but I had not done it." Another of the girls burst into tears, and cried out aloud. As she could not restrain her feelings and did not wish to disturb the assembly, she arose and left it. She retired to one of the prayer-rooms adjoining the seminary, there to weep alone. Mr. Poor, one of my missionary associates, followed her and endeavored to administer the consolations of the Gospel to her; but she refused to be comforted. All her distress seemed to arise from a single source. "I told you a falsehood," said she, "last Monday, in saying that I had dedicated myself to the Saviour, when I had not." Perhaps she thought at that time that she had thus dedicated herself to Him, but afterwards found that she had deceived herself. In this wretched state of mind she continued until 10½ o'clock that night, when she came into Mr. Spaulding's house, where I then was, and wished to know what she must do to be saved. She was told, as she had often been

told before, that she must dedicate herself entirely to her Saviour. She went away, and returned the same night, about 11½ o'clock, saying that she had found Him.

“ Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found !”

My dear young friends, are there any of you who have never given your hearts to Christ? If so, let me entreat you to follow the example of that once heathen little girl of whom I have been speaking. She found it necessary to give her heart to her Saviour, and I trust that she did so; and I hope that she is now with him; for she is dead. Oh! that you, too, would give your hearts to him, *that it may be well with you at last.* Oh! be very careful, my dear children, be very careful that the little girl of whom I have been speaking does not rise up in the last day and condemn you. She must do so, she will do so, if you do not, like her, choose Christ as your portion. But I am digressing, and must return to the point I left.

The next day one of the missionary ladies who had lately reached Ceylon from America

came to Oodooville, to witness the nature of the work which she heard was in progress at that place, As she was entering Mr. Spaulding's house, she was met by one of the most consistent church-members of the seminary, who declared that she had lost her hope of being a Christian. Perhaps this church-member was disposed to write bitter things against herself because she did not feel all that warmth in religion which marked the conduct of those who, at that time, were indulging the hope that they had passed from death to life. After the lady to whom I have alluded had been in the house a little while, she requested Mrs. Spaulding to allow her to have an interview with such of the girls as were entertaining a hope of their interest in the Saviour. These were twenty-two in number. This interview was granted. As she knew nothing about the Tamil language, I acted as her interpreter. Through me, she requested the girls to give a statement of their feelings. One of them arose and said: "I feel as happy as an angel. I feel joys that I can express to no one but my Saviour, and I am just as certain that my sins are forgiven as if I had sent a kardu-

thaase [that is, a letter] to heaven, and received an answer to it." Another of the girls said that the missionaries had often talked to her about her dedicating herself to the Saviour, but that she did not know at that time what it meant. "I now know," added she, "what it means; for God has taught it to me." Another of the girls said: "Though they put me in the fire, I will never forsake the Saviour."

NUMBER LIV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Having told you all that I wish to say respecting the Hindoo religion, I have one or two questions to ask you. And first: Do you not think that you ought to pray for these poor miserable creatures; to pray that God will send the Gospel to them? I want to tell you about a little boy who heard me preach when I was in America, a few years ago. One night he said his prayers, and went to bed. After he had got into bed, he said to the nurse: "I have forgotten to pray for the heathen, and I must get out of bed and pray for them." The nurse then told him that it would not be necessary for him to get up, as he could pray for them while in bed. "No," said he, "I must get out of bed and pray for them." And the dear little boy would not rest until he had got out of bed and prayed for them. Now, I want all of you, my dear

children, every morning and evening, to kneel down and pray for the heathen, as this little boy did. And I wish you to do something more. I want you always to be punctual in attending *the usual monthly concert of prayer*, provided there are no juvenile monthly concerts of prayers to which you can go. I have long wished to see juvenile concerts of this kind established. They would be very interesting, if I am to judge from the account of one which I received from Mr. Vandoren, of Williamsburgh, when I was in America. I will give you some extracts from his letter. He writes: "According to promise, I send you an account of the first children's monthly concert of prayer, so far as I can learn, held on Long-Island. As notice was not given either in the church or Sabbath-school, the attendance was smaller than it otherwise would have been. Still, about sixty interesting children attended. After a few remarks concerning the object of the meeting, by the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, they sung, with melting eyes, the hymn which describes the wretched heathen-mother casting her lovely babe into the jaws of the monster of the Ganges. Prayer then was made

of about two or three minutes in length. Then I gave some of the most affecting accounts of the cruelties and ignorance of the heathen, as related by the devoted Williams, that martyr-missionary. Their silent attention and subdued countenances told that their hearts were with the wretched idolaters. After having thus spent about ten minutes, the children sung in a sweet manner a hymn—a prayer for those laboring amid the heathen :

‘When, worn by toil, their spirits fall,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way,’ etc.”

But not only can you pray for the heathen, you can *give something* to send the Gospel to them. Do you say that you have no money to give? But can not you earn some? Many young persons have done so. One who wrote to a missionary said: “Besides supporting a school in Ceylon, we are going to support five Chinese boys. I earn six cents a week for not using tea, one for not using sugar, and three for not using coffee.”

Another says: “I, with three others, have

been making matches to the amount of ten dollars, and should have made more, but the people are pretty well supplied. I am going to dig my father's garden, and my mother is going to give me a quarter of a dollar for digging it, which I shall give to the missionaries. I am going to do all I can, and earn all I can, and save all that I have, to support the missionaries."

Another says: "I am going to leave off buying candy, and such little notions, unless it is necessary, and save every cent that I can get, and give it to the missionaries."

Now, my dear children, I do think that if you would save some of those cents which you spend in buying candy, fire-crackers, and similar things, and buy Bibles and tracts for the poor heathen, you would do much more good with them.

I told you in one of my letters, of a little boy who died just after uttering: "I am going to Christ the Lord." That dear child went to heaven, as I hope, through the means of a tract which cost only two or three cents, and which was the cause of his coming under my care. Now when you think about this

little boy, I want you to ask yourselves whether it is not better to give two or three cents to try and save the soul of some poor little heathen boy or girl, than spend them in buying candy and other useless things.

But I must tell you about a little girl whom I saw some time ago, who refused to buy candy while there are so many heathen without the Bible. Her father is a sea-captain. Being absent from home, he sent her five dollars to buy candy or any thing else which she might wish. As this little girl had heard about the heathen, she determined to throw all her money into the missionary-box, instead of spending it for her own pleasure. The mother, on learning her intentions, asked her if she would not like to spend a part of it for candy and similar things. She replied, that she would not, and in due time she put her five dollars into the missionary-box. Not long after this she was attacked with a severe tooth-ache. The mother proposed that the defective tooth should be extracted. The little creature (for she was only about eight years old) dreaded the operation, and seemed at first to be backward about having it performed. To encourage her to

submit to it, her mother offered her twenty-five cents. This little girl did not then begin to reason: Now if I can only get those twenty-five cents I can buy some sugar-candy, or I can buy a doll; but she reasoned thus: Now if I can get those twenty-five cents, I can go and put them in the missionary-box. So she said to her mother, I will go and have the tooth taken out. The tooth, however, ceased to ache; but still she wished to have it extracted. Her mother then interfered and told her that as it had ceased to ache, it might be well for her not to have it drawn until it ached again. The little girl, however, persisted, saying that if it was not taken out, she could not get the twenty-five cents to give to the missionary cause. She, therefore, went to the dentist's, submitted to the operation, received her twenty-five cents, and went and threw them into the Lord's treasury. Was that not a noble little girl? Doubtless you all will say that she was.

NUMBER LV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I concluded my last letter by telling you of a little girl who received twenty-five cents for having her tooth pulled, and who threw them into the missionary-box. I must tell you about a noble little boy also. While I was in America, a few years ago, I preached in Canandaigua, in the western part of New-York. After I had preached there, I went on to Rochester. Returning from that place, I met with a lady in the cars, who told me as follows: "After you had preached in Canandaigua," said she, "a young lady there, who had lost her mother, and who had six, or seven, or eight, of her brothers and sisters under her care, formed them into a missionary society"—(Oh! I wish that all the dear children in America were formed into missionary societies.) "After she had done this she asked her little brother how he

was going to get money to put into the missionary-box. 'By catching mice,' said he. His sister gave him two or three cents for every mouse he caught." Thus it appears that this dear little boy was going to throw all his earnings into the Lord's treasury.

But let me tell you a little more about the children to whom I before alluded. Another says: "In some of the day-schools of the city, the girls have formed sewing-societies and make pin-cushions, needle-books, emery-bags, and the like, and send the money that is raised by the sale of them to the missionaries to be used for the heathen. There are seven Sabbath-schools in this town, and in each of them there is a missionary association; so that in all, about five hundred dollars are sent from the Sabbath-schools every year."

Now, my dear girls, I want you to think of what has now been said about the formation of sewing-societies, and I want you to ask your mothers whether they will not allow you to form such societies, to meet once a week, or once in two weeks, or once a month, to sew, to get money to send the Gospel to the heathen. Many societies of this kind have been formed.

After I had preached to the children in one of the churches in Third street, New-York, the little girls who attend that church formed a society. The account which I received of it is as follows: "You may remember that in your address to our Sabbath-school, you related instances of little girls knitting, sewing, etc., to earn something for the missionary-box. The examples which you related were not lost to the girls of the Sabbath-school. Immediately they began to talk about forming themselves into a sewing-society, and making small articles and giving the proceeds to the missionary society. They did not stop here, but went right to work and soon formed their society, which they styled the Juvenile Sewing Society. They are in a very prosperous and flourishing condition at present. I know not the amount of funds they possess; they pay a cent a week into their treasury, but they have a large assortment of articles already made. I understand also, they meet once a week to sew."

After I had preached at a place called Little Falls, New-York, the girls formed a sewing-society there. The following account of this

society I received from one of its little members: "When you were here last fall, and told us how much good little girls had done in having sewing-societies, we thought we would see if *we* could not do some good in the world as well as they; and since October we have met weekly, and by holding a fair, we have succeeded in raising sixty-two dollars. We hope it will be the means of saving some poor heathen children."

Now as I said before, I want you, my dear girls, to ask your mothers if you may not form such societies also. Will you think of it? I hope you will.

Another of the children before referred to, says: "I can try and save their souls, if I am not there. I can work for them, and send some money to you to buy them Bibles, and I can pray for them; and if I should save some souls, oh! how would they thank me. But if I did not send my money, nor care any thing about them, and I should not go to heaven, and they should not, how would they rise up in judgment against me, and say, 'If we had had the privileges that you had, we should not be here!' Oh! how thankful we

ought to be that we were not born in heathen lands. Oh! if the poor heathen could only have such privileges as we have, how thankful would they be. And if we were born in heathen lands, I have no doubt that they would come and tell us about a Saviour.”

NUMBER LVI.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I received many letters while in America, breathing the same spirit which is manifested in my last letter.

One writes: "Last winter I brought in the wood for mother, and she gave me fifty cents. I now am very glad that I have not spent it, as I can give it to you to buy tracts for the little heathen children of India."

A second writes: "The inclosed fifty cents my grandmother gave me, when I was a very little boy, for sitting still one hour. Will you please to use it to furnish the Bible and missionary to the heathen?"

A third writes: "I have always spent my money for candy, and other trifles; but since I have heard about the darkness and misery of the heathen, I intend to save it all, and put it into the missionary-box."

A fourth writes: "The inclosed I earned

by knitting. I intended to save it till I had sufficient to carry me a short journey, to see some of my friends; but when I heard you tell about the little heathen girls, I thought I would give it to you, for the poor heathen children."

A fifth writes: "I have inclosed twelve and a half cents, which my father gave me to go and see General Tom Thumb. When I heard you lecture last evening, I came home and concluded to give it to you, and let you buy Bibles for the poor heathen."

A sixth writes: "I remember before my mother died, she used to tell me a great deal about the children of India. And now she is in heaven, I think she would like to have me give my heart to the Saviour, and go and teach these poor children. I give you some money which was given to me to see an exhibition, which I saved to give for such things, rather than go."

A seventh writes: "You told us that two cents were the means of converting a young man; I would give two cents every week, if it would convert souls to Christ."

An eighth writes: "My mother told me some

time ago, that every day I recited my lessons without missing a word, she would give me a penny; and not being desirous to spend it, I do wish you would take it—fifty cents—to the heathen. It may buy some tracts at the bazar or market.”

A ninth writes: “I feel sorry for the poor heathen children. We will try to earn some money to buy Bibles for the heathen. Father has promised us some land to work, next summer, and we think we can raise something and sell it to get the money.”

A tenth writes: “Since you were here last spring, I have saved what I could—one dollar—for the heathen children, and should be glad if I could do more.”

An eleventh writes: “The money which you will find inclosed, I earned by working for my mother on Saturday, which I intended to keep to buy a microscope; but when I heard you preach on Sabbath, I concluded to give it to buy Bibles for the poor heathen children.”

A twelfth writes: “The inclosed five dollars was a birthday present from my father; but I want to give it to Dr. Scudder for the poor little boys in Ceylon.”

A thirteenth writes: "Please accept my mite by the hand of my brother. I have been keeping it for the purpose of buying a geography; but when I heard you preach yesterday, I thought I had better send it to you for the poor heathen."

A fourteenth writes: "I would like much to become a missionary, as I am named after one. I hope I shall be one. I have been saving a dollar to buy myself some books, but concluded to give it to buy some books for the heathen."

The last two children whose letters you have been reading, gave to the missionary cause the money which they had been earning to buy some books. When you have been earning money for the express purpose of giving it to the missionary cause, you should devote it all to that cause; but I would advise you not to do as did the two children last mentioned. Had my opinion been asked relative to the disposal of their money, I would have recommended them to give *one tenth* of the sums they had been earning to the Saviour, and to keep the rest to buy those books which they absolutely needed. The giving

of not less than *one tenth* of all you earn for charitable purposes is the principle which I wish to have fully impressed on your minds, and I hope you will grow up under the influence of this principle, and *never, never* depart from it. But while I thus speak, you must not suppose that I wish you to confine yourselves to the giving of one tenth, if you can give more. I hope you will give not merely this, but one half, or more, if you can afford it. Indeed, if you do not go as missionaries to the heathen, I want you to make it your great object *to make money for Christ, and to spend it for Christ.* Oh! if the generation which is grown were as anxious to make money for Christ and to spend it for Christ, as they are to make it for themselves and to spend it for themselves, or to hoard it up—it may be for the everlasting destruction of the souls of their heirs—there would be no complaints that money could not be had to send the Gospel to the destitute both at home and abroad.

In one of my former letters I spoke of the liberal donations which the heathen of India make for the support of their religion. In the

city of Calcutta alone, it is supposed that two millions of dollars are spent every year on the festival of a single goddess—a festival which lasts only a few days. A single native has been known to give, as I before said, more than one hundred thousand dollars at one time to this festival, and afterwards thirty thousand dollars yearly. How vast, then, must be the sums which are spent upon all the different festivals of their gods, throughout the length and breadth of their land! Would that we could see such liberality among Christians! Would that we could see the generality of them willing to give even *one tenth* of their annual income! Alas! what would the heathen say, were they to learn how much greater are the sums of money which they give to their idols, than Christians give to honor their Saviour? Would they not exclaim: It is because Christianity is false, and heathenism is true, that Christians give so little for Christ, while we give so much for our gods? My dear children, I hope that you will never allow the heathen to say that the Christian religion is false, because you do not give money for the spread of the Gospel.

Will you not resolve now, that you will, so long as God prospers you in worldly goods, give *at least one tenth* of all you earn to the Lord? Do, my dear children, do make this resolution NOW.

NUMBER LVII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: You perhaps have seen Campbell's Missionary Map of the world. If not, I want you carefully to look at it. I want you to look at the red spots on it, and think how many millions of people embrace the religion both of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches—a religion that is nothing more or less than Paganism, with a few Christian doctrines added to it. After this, I want you to look at the green spots, and think of the hundred and twenty millions of Mohammedans, who spurn the name of Jesus as a Saviour, and who have set up Mohammed as their prophet. I want you also to look at the dark spots, where, with comparatively few exceptions, the people are in pagan darkness, without any knowledge of God and the only Saviour of sinners, Jesus Christ. And in view of all this darkness; in view of the need of

more than half a million of ministers of the Gospel to preach the news of salvation to them, I want you, my dear boys, to ask yourselves whether it may not be your duty, after you are grown up, to become ministers, and go and preach the Gospel to them? For you know that you are bound to do all the good to others which you can; and even if you do not love the Saviour, you are not released from your obligations to do good. I would by no means have you become ministers without giving your hearts to Christ; but this you are as much bound to do as you are bound to do all the good you can to others. If you are not Christians, I want you, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, to become such, and I want many of you to become ministers and missionaries. Three of my sons are now missionaries in India, and three of the four others I hope will, in due time, follow their example. And why should not you also come here, or go to other heathen lands? If you can be excused from coming or going, why may not all who are now little boys also be excused? In such a case there will be no missionaries at all. And you know that this would be very wrong.

But I do not merely want many of you, my dear boys, to become missionaries, I want many of you, my dear girls, to become missionaries also. Many little girls and boys have expressed a desire to become missionaries. Several boys, who wrote to one of my former missionary friends, and several little boys and girls who have written to me, have said that they would like to become missionaries.

One writes: "I should like to go and be a missionary, and instruct the poor heathen children to love God."

A second says: "I have been selling matches that I made. I got five dollars—just as many dollars as I am years old. I think I shall become a missionary and come and help you. I hope I shall see you again when I come to Ceylon. Tell the heathen children they must love God and be good children. They must not give the children to the crocodiles, nor throw them into the water, and they must not worship wooden and brass gods. They must worship the true God and keep his commandments."

A third says: "I like to send money to help the poor heathen to learn to read the Bible

and other good books. I think it will be pleasant to sail across the ocean, and teach them to turn from their idols. I would teach them not to lay themselves down before the car of Juggernaut, and be crushed to death; and I would teach them not to burn themselves to death on the funeral pile."

A fourth says: "I mean to save something to send to you to help support one school. Should my life be spared, and the way be opened at some future day, I think I should be willing to leave my native home to go to some distant land, to tell the heathen of a Saviour, whom I hope I have found."

A fifth says: "If you are ever in want of money, just please to send on to me, and I will endeavor to raise all that you want. If I live to be a man, I hope to be a missionary to Ceylon or China."

One little boy wrote to me as follows: "I have for a long time been saving three shillings for the purpose of buying a little raccoon, which I intended to do on Monday. On Sunday I heard you preach, and thought I would give it to you to save some poor heathen soul; and I hope you will pray for me, that I may

become a minister, and go to India, and preach to the heathen."

Another writes: "This is to certify that I, Charles D. H. Frederick, pledge myself, if God spares my life, when I get to be a man, and he pardons me through Christ Jesus, I will go and preach to the heathen."

A little girl wrote me as follows: "According to my present feelings, I should like to engage in so glorious a cause" as the missionary cause, "and I hope when I arrive at an age to be of use to God and the poor heathen, to embrace so glorious a cause."

Another little girl writes: "I felt very bad when I heard you tell about the poor heathen who worship the idols. I could not keep from weeping, when you told us about the man who came so far to get a teacher to come and tell the Gospel to his friends, and was disappointed. I felt very bad Sunday evening; and on Monday evening I felt that the Lord had given me a new heart. I felt happy, and sang some beautiful verses that I learned in one of mother's little books. I have read the *Day-Springs*, and thought a great deal about the heathen for two years. I used to think a

great deal about having nice clothes before I thought so much about the heathen. My mother told me, some time ago, that she thought she would get me a white dress when I was ten years old. I am now ten years old, and this evening mother gave me two dollars to get the dress, or dispose of it in any way I thought best; and I wish you would take it, to have the poor heathen taught about the Saviour. If I live, and it is the Lord's will, I hope I shall come and help you teach the poor heathen about the Saviour."

There is, or rather was a little boy in the city of New-York, who formerly told his mother that he meant to be a cab-driver, and all she could say to him was of no avail in making him think differently. This little boy came with his mother to hear me preach about the heathen. After we had left the church, as he was going home, he burst into tears and exclaimed: "Mother, I mean to be a missionary to the heathen." Who among you, my dear children, are ready to exclaim, with this little boy, We mean to be missionaries to the heathen?

NUMBER LVIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: When I was in America a few years ago, I used continually, when preaching, to ask the dear children whether they would not become missionaries. I used also to beg them to write down what I had asked them. Many complied with my request. While I was at the Avon Springs, one of the daughters of a physician there not only wrote it down, but gave me what she had written. The following is a copy of what she wrote:

“August 18, 1844.

“Dr. Scudder

Requested me to come to India when I am grown.

“*Avon Springs.*

S. P. SOUTHWORTH.”

Could I raise my voice loud enough to reach America, I would beg of *you* to write down the following sentence: DR. SCUDDER

asks me, to-day, whether I will not hereafter become a missionary to the heathen. Perhaps you will write it down *immediately*—will you not?

Now, my dear boys, if you will come out to India, or go to Burmah, or China, to tell the heathen of a Saviour, you may, with the blessing of God, do as much good as Swartz, and Carey, and others have done. And if you, my dear girls, will do the same, you also may do much good. This will appear from what I told you in my twenty-sixth letter. It will also appear from what I will tell you about a little girl of Ceylon. This little girl belonged to the boarding-school at Oodooville. She early gave her heart to the Saviour, and joined the church when she was thirteen years old. I should like to know if there are any of you who have not followed her example. If so, you well know, my dear children, that this is not right. It is not right. Shall this little girl, in a heathen land—a land filled with idols—give her heart to Christ, and you, in a Christian land—a land of Sabbaths, and Sabbath-schools, and Bibles—not give your hearts to him? Oh! how wicked!

But let me go on with my account of the little girl. After she had joined the church, she wanted to go and see her mother, who was a heathen, for the purpose of conversing with her about her soul's concerns. Now in this country when children who have been absent from their parents for any length of time go home, the mother spreads a mat down on the floor and tells them to sit down upon it, adding that she will go and cook rice for them. They, in general, have no seats to sit on, as you have in America. Well, this little girl went home. When her mother saw her she was very glad, and after she had spread a mat for her and told her to sit down, she said that she would go and cook rice for her. The little girl told her that she was not hungry and did not wish to eat, but wanted to talk with her. "You can not talk with me," said her mother, "until I have cooked rice for you." "Mother," said the little girl, "you worship idols, and I am afraid that you will lose your soul, and I want to talk with you about Jesus Christ." The mother became quite angry with her, and rebuked her. But still the little girl continued to talk with her about her soul.

The mother then became so angry that she told her to be silent or she would punish her. The little girl replied, "Mother though you do whip me, I must talk to you about Jesus Christ;" and she burst into tears. The mother's heart was broken. She sat down on the mat, and her little daughter talked and prayed with her. After this, the little girl was so troubled, fearing that her mother's soul might be lost, that she was heard praying for her during all parts of the night. And God heard her prayers. Her mother forsook her idols and became a Christian, and her conversion was followed by the conversion of one or two others. Now, my dear girls, if you will give your hearts to the Saviour, and in due time come here or go to other heathen lands, and tell the people of a Saviour, you may, with the help of the Holy Spirit, be as useful as this little girl was.

And now, my dear children, I must bring my letters to a close, and bid you farewell. In connection with my remarks about the misery and wretchedness of the heathen, I have said much to you about the salvation of your own souls; and I, perhaps, have said *my last words*.

I am not aware that I shall ever do any thing more for you in this respect than to pray for you. I therefore say, Farewell. It will be but a short time before we shall be called to stand before the tribunal of the last day; to stand before our final Judge. And where shall I then see you? Shall I see any of you on the left hand of Christ, and hear Him say: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Oh! if I should hear that dreadful sentence pronounced against you, how would my heart die within me! How could I bear to hear it? Oh! I could not. I could not bear to hear it. My dear children, if you are yet out of Christ, I entreat you *at this very moment* to lay down this paper and throw yourselves at the feet of your Saviour. Tell him that you are lost sinners, deserving to be cast into everlasting burnings. Tell him that though you have been wicked children, you will leave off your wickedness and be his for ever. Plead with him with as much earnestness as a drowning man would plead with you to save him, to give you his Holy Spirit, to renew within you a right spirit, without which you are

eternally undone; and continue to plead until he pardons you and receives you as his children. By all the sufferings of the Son of God, by all the joys of heaven and by all the torments of hell, by the solemnities of your dying bed, by the value of your immortal souls, (*which, if once lost, must be lost for ever,*) I beseech you thus, *immediately*, to throw yourselves at his feet, and plead with him to make you his. Neglect this duty, neglect it even for one minute, and it may be that you will be LOST, LOST FOR EVER! And will you neglect this duty? Perhaps you will. Perhaps all the warnings I have given you have been hastily read by you, and will hereafter be unheeded, uncared for, and but little thought of. This indifference, however, can not always last. Your seasons of reflection will certainly come. If not in a dying hour, they will in the judgment-day, and they will make your hearts sink and die within you when, in common with all those whose sins are not washed away in the blood of the Lamb, you shall be cast away into the lake of burning brimstone. And when millions and millions of years shall have rolled away, and

you are forced, by the gnawings of the worm which never dies, and by the torments of the fire which is never quenched, to lift up your voice, and say, "How long, O Lord! yet how long?" and when the voice of infinite Justice proclaims, FOR EVER! with what wailings and bitter lamentations will you look back and remember the transactions of this day, when you deliberately and willingly *chose the world, instead of the Saviour, as your portion!*

Very affectionately,

J. SCUDDER.

Madras, Oct. 15, 1853.

NUMBER LIX.

MR. EDITOR: The accompanying papers contain an extract from a private letter written by my sister Harriet to my brother and myself. Thinking that it might be read with interest by the friends of the missionary enterprise, and especially by those connected with our own denomination, I send it to you for publication, if you see it fit to give it a place in the columns of the *Intelligencer*. The letter was written in February of the present year. Our friends in India had not then heard the intelligence that has saddened our hearts.

EZEKIEL C. SCUDDER.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

“I MUST tell you of a very interesting case we have had lately of a little heathen boy. He is the only son of a high-caste, proud, and respectable family in the large town of Walla-

janugger. He came a long time ago to Henry for medical treatment, and heard the Gospel. He did not forget it, but a few weeks since appeared on Henry's verandah, and begged him to take him and protect him, as he was determined to be a Christian. He came to Vellore all the way from his town alone. Henry, of course, received him. Three or four days after, his parents appeared and claimed their child. Henry brought them out, and told them if he would go they might take him. The little fellow told them nothing could induce him to return to heathenism, and that he should stay with Henry, who could teach him the way to heaven. A heart-rending scene followed, enough to make any one weep. His poor heart-broken parents and friends wept and used every inducement to make him go with them; but though the dear boy suffered, he remained steadfast. By and by he partook of some food on Henry's table, before his father. The poor man arose at once, and, without a word, left the house, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow that his only child had lost his high caste, etc. All remained quiet until about a week after, when Henry received a

summons to appear before the court at Vellore, with the boy, whom his father declared was detained by Henry, without his (the father's) consent. Henry sent over here for William to accompany him to court, which was to be held two days after. Oh! what a sad two days it was to us. Incessantly our prayers arose on behalf of the dear boy. Hon. Judge Sullivan, the judge, is a very worldly man, and from the tone of his remarks, it seemed very evident that his mind was made up in favor of the father, and that the boy would be taken from us and given to him, and returned to heathenism. Our souls were in great sorrow, and with tears we plead that our Father would appear for us, and incline the heart of the judge to allow the boy to choose for himself. Poor Henry was worn out with anxiety and sorrow. He has since remarked that 'he never had prayed so earnestly for his own salvation as he had for the boy.' He and William spent hours talking and praying with the boy. They told him they feared he would be given up to his father, but that he must cling to Jesus, and he could be saved. The little fellow trembled much, but declared that

nothing could make him leave Christ. On Thursday, the 25th of last month, (January,) at 11 o'clock, they went to court, and we three sisters tried to spend an hour at the mercy-seat, pleading for Jesus' sake, that the decision of the judge might be in our favor, and the boy returned to us. The whole day was spent in hearing and examining the case, but no decision was given, and it was laid over until Saturday, when Henry was commanded to appear with the boy again at 12 o'clock. William was obliged to return home on Friday, as it had been decided at the annual meeting of the mission that all our native Christians should meet (from the four stations) here at this station, that we might see them all together, and have a love-feast and communion season. On Friday evening they came in, one party after another, from Arnee, Arcot, and Vellore. It was quite a business to see and speak to them all, and arrange places for their accommodation. They seemed very happy to see each other. Some of them had never met before, and we decided that they should all get acquainted. Fanny and the four darlings, and Anna also, arrived the same

evening from Vellore—Henry could not come until after attending court with the boy, as appointed the next day, (Saturday,) and he sent word that, as soon as the decision was given, he would jump on his horse and try to reach us in time for the love-feast in the evening.

“On Saturday morning, the Christians and all their children assembled to attend prayers. After prayers, William told them that, at 12 o'clock, Henry was to appear in court with Shengleryan, the boy, and that if they liked he would meet them all at that hour and pray that the boy (who was to be examined particularly) might have grace given him to stand firm, and that Mr. Sullivan might be inclined to give him back to us. He added, that we had the promise that if we prayed in faith, God would answer us. At 12 o'clock they all came in, and we spent an hour together. As William was anxious that they should feel that they ought to pray earnestly for the child, he let all who wished speak and take part in the meeting. It was a sweet season. I wish you could have heard some of the prayers, especially those by our two old and dear catechists, Andrew and Daniel. They plead so

earnestly and eloquently, so tenderly and sweetly for their young brother in Christ, that it melted us to tears, and when the meeting closed, my anxiety seemed to leave me, and we all felt as if our prayers would certainly be answered. Saturday was a very busy day with me, as I had to provide for the love-feast in the evening. There were more than eighty persons to eat, so you may fancy it was no small work to think and plan so as to be sure there would be enough of every thing. You would have laughed to see the immense quantities of rice, vegetables, meat, etc., which I purchased, and the directions I gave to the servants to cook all my own way. I was on my feet all day, hither and thither, superintending matters, and occasionally *scolding* a little when I could not make them obey me. At 5 o'clock, just as the bell was about being rung for our preparatory service, (the next day, Sabbath, we were to have communion,) Henry rode in, and we all rushed out to meet him. The first words he exclaimed were, 'The dear boy is ours; Mr. Sullivan let him choose for himself, and of course he chose to remain with me.' We could have wept we were so happy,

and as we met at service we tried to praise the Lord for so remarkably answering our prayers. We waited until 8 o'clock in the evening before we had our love-feast, in hope that the dear boy, whom Henry had put in a bandy after court was over and started him for this place, might reach us to join with us in eating. However, he did not get in until after we had commenced, and when it was announced that he had arrived, every one was anxious to meet and speak to him. We surrounded him, and rejoiced over him as a 'brand plucked from the burning.' His school-fellows embraced him in their arms, they were so happy to have him back among them. We had a very nice love-feast. Our church-members we seated at a table, while the *nominal Christians* and children seated themselves in rows on the floor. Fanny and Anna sat among the women, while I helped Henry and William to bail out the rice and currie, etc. We had huge piles of rice on sheets, and just shovelled it on the plates; we also had several kinds of nice curries, chateries, fruit, bread and butter, and a great abundance of native sweet-cakes and candy. We told them (the Christians) all

to eat as much as possible, and they certainly did good justice to the food, for it disappeared very rapidly. It was quite a business to help them all, and when, at last, I sat down, I could scarcely swallow a mouthful, I was so thoroughly wearied out. After all had eaten as much as they could, Henry invited some of them to speak, and several very good addresses were made. You know our object in having these love-feasts, is to make our Christians break their caste, which they do when they attend one, as they sit next to each other, and the food is cooked by low-caste people. We did not separate until nearly 11 o'clock in the evening. The next day we had our communion season. According to our *Dutch fashion*, William and I arranged a long table, at which all our communicants might sit while partaking of the supper. Including ourselves, there were about thirty of us, and it did our hearts good to sit down at the table of our Lord with our dear native brethren and sisters. My heart warmed towards them. Henry preached, and William addressed the communicants. Henry, too, made a short address in English. He was much affected, for it was a solemn

though sweet season with us. He spoke of our past trials in our infant mission, of our separation, afflictions, etc.; also, of the Lord's goodness to us all. We all wept, for we could not help it. It was long before I could calm myself. We had a precious season together. After service, Henry and William consulted the Dutch Book, to learn how to form their churches according to the Dutch principles, etc. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we all assembled together, and Henry arranged all the members of his church on one side, and William all his on the other. They then ordained Andrew as elder of this church, and gave the members all directions as to how they were to conduct themselves, etc., etc.—you know better than I can tell you. They thus organized two churches—one here, of which William is pastor, and Andrew, elder; and the other to be at Vellore, of which Henry is pastor, and Daniel and Paul, elders. These two latter persons were ordained some months since, when Classis was formed. After all this was done, Henry and William addressed the congregation, and then invited any of the Christians who felt disposed to do so to ad-

dress their brethren and sisters. Three very good addresses were made, by Andrew, Daniel, and Nathan. The meeting was a very pleasant one to us all, and we did not separate until after 7 o'clock in the evening. The next day the Christians all returned to their several stations, having greatly enjoyed the three days they spent together. We thought of you, dear brothers, and wished you were among us. Henry told all the Christians about you, and said we hoped to see you in less than a year. We missed dear papa and Joseph very much, and many prayers were offered up for them. I am sure they would have been delighted to have been with us; for we had a very pleasant time. Fanny and Anna returned to Vellore the same afternoon (Monday) as the members and Henry and William started on their tour. Well, dear brothers, I have given you a long account of our mission, etc. I thought you would like to hear it. We often speak of you, and long for you to be among us. I know you will be very happy, engaged in this blessed work; for it is indeed, a blessed work."

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